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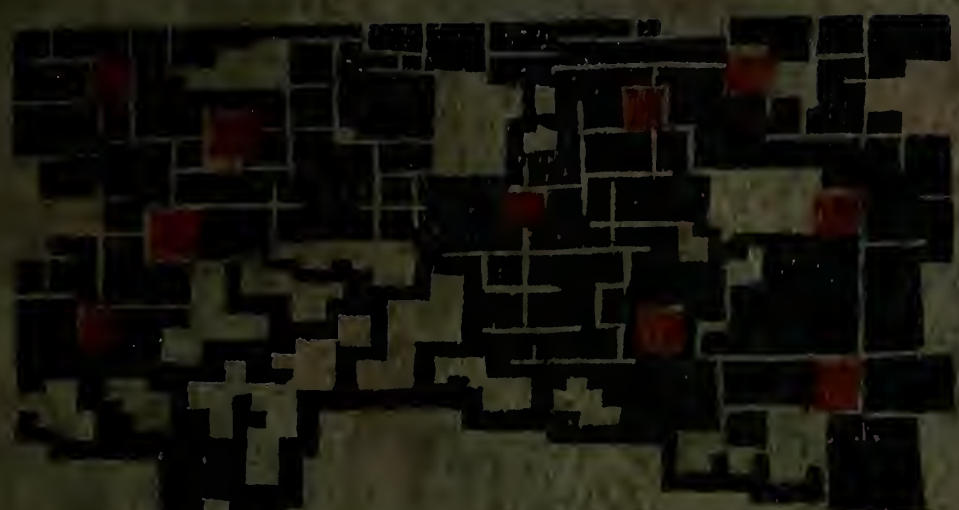
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Shortridge High School.
... annual



The Annual

1920









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FOREWORD

Fembark with us, O reader,
On this, our ship of thought,
Conceived in the land of fancy,
Built with careful hands,
Now launched with a glow of pride
From the inmost harbor of our
 hearts,
And christened, Our Annual,
May the winds and tide befriend us,
And to all, we wish "Bon Voyage"





DEDICATION

o Eugene Mueller
of the Department
of History; a man
who has found no
service for Shortridge
too difficult to be at-
tempted • a splendid
teacher • a man of ac-
complishment • a loy-
al • friend • an un-
tiring • champion
for his fellowmen •
we the class of 1920
dedicate our Annual

INDUSTRY



LITERATURA





THE good ship, Literature, sails by.
Those sailors, bold and free,
Are Story, Humor, Essay, Play,
And Gentle Poetry.
See all those bright and shining lights
A'gleaming on the lee.

Those are the many writer folk
That are, or are to be.

Editorial



AMERICANIZATION is the great cry resounding throughout the country today. Americanization is the keynote that we have chosen for our Annual, desiring to make our book, in so far as possible, in keeping with the new spirit of the day. To be sure, we have not sought to fashion every article on this subject, and there are in these pages numerous articles of an entirely different nature. We have selected these, as well as the ones on Americanization, because of literary merit, general interest or good subject matter. At least that is what we have tried to do. Our

book is entirely a student publication. The cover design and most of the illustrations have been printed from wood blocks made by the art department, and the folding and tying of the book have been done by Shortridge pupils.

The hours we have spent in the formation and production of the Annual, have been very pleasant ones to us. We can only hope, as we, half-proudly, half-fearfully present this book to you, that you will receive it kindly, and experience some enjoyment from it. Certainly, it has its faults. What publication of its kind has not? We only ask you not to expect too much, and if, by chance, you should find anything in the book a little out of the ordinary, we ask you to give it the praise you believe it deserves. We believe in our Annual, and we want your support. Two years ago, in the 1918 Annual, war symbols were used in illustrating the book. This year again, symbols have been made use of, and a great many of the tail-pieces, wood-cuts and other work are symbolic of Americanization. The cover design symbolizes produce, the fruit of the world, as it is embodied in America and American ideals. It is the soul of civilization which burns in the heart of America and which must reach out and embrace the world. It has been said that art is soul; and it is the soul effort that has been made in all literary and art work. The untiring effort and earnest co-operation of the art and literary staffs, have contributed a great share toward the success of the book.

—THE EDITOR.





Americanization



EDUCATION in American ideals is the keynote of Americanization, which is controlled by mental attitude and knowledge of public affairs rather than by birthplace or race. To be a citizen of the United States, it is only necessary to be born in this country, or to fulfill certain concrete requirements for naturalization; but to be a true American, one must be in perfect harmony with the high principles of liberty and independence. An ideal American is familiar with the past history of his country, its present needs, and its future aspirations. He is law-abiding, conscientious as a voter, and active in public affairs. He

appreciates American literature and art.

The written and spoken thoughts of great men, and the influence of the public schools, are, perhaps, the greatest agencies of Americanization. In the school room the citizens of the future are taught to love the flag and the principles for which it stands. They are here given instruction in the past history of their country. Newspapers, magazines, and books instill Americanism in both old and young, foreign and American born. The creed of liberty and justice for all is advocated from the pulpit, from the stump of the office seeker, and from the White House steps.

The importance of constructive patriotism is reflected in the teachings of the three great exponents of Americanism: George Washington. Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. Washington, in his immortal Farewell Address, said:

"Citizens by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of America, which belongs to you in your national capacity must always exalt the just pride of patriotism."

Of the many magnificent statements of that great American, Theodore Roosevelt, these words seem to best express his opinion of Americanization:

"To bear the name American is to bear the most honorable of titles. Americanism is a question of spirit, conviction and purpose, not of creed or birthplace.

"We Americans, above all, must stand shoulder to shoulder, not asking as to the ancestry or creed of our Comrades, but only demanding that they be in very truth Americans, and that we all work together, heart, hand and head, for the honor and greatness of our common country."

Through education and enlightenment in the principles of Americanism, it is reasonable to believe that not only will radicalism, such as we are now experiencing, be eliminated, but sound national progress will be still further developed through the eagerness of the American citizens to work "shoulder to shoulder for the honor and greatness of our common country."

—EDWIN C. HURD, '20.

AMERICANIZATION.



Mr. Buck - An Appreciation



KINDLY, stalwart, just, far-seeing man,
A practical idealist, who combines
Within himself the power to visualize
The thing, and then achieve it. Truth he crowns
As king; and kindness, patience, honesty,
Are all in high estate. A man more just
Ne'er lived; for times when he is called upon
To judge, in cases whether great or small,
The offender quickly learns that law is law.
Great democrat in small democracy!
No race, no creed, no color counts with him;
But all have learned that he is guardian, friend,
And guide to travellers on the tedious path
That leads at last to knowledge. Strong in mind
And soul, he plays his part in the drama known
As life, and plays it nobly. Act by act
Progresses, and through all his role remains
A lover of men, a striver for the right.
Ten years of service he has rendered here
At Shortridge. In that time, a host of friends
This man has made 'mong all that he has met.
As the hand of some great player of the harp
Doth touch the strings and draw forth wondrous sound,
So doth the hand of such a one as he
Play gently on the mighty harp of life.
May life and years be kind, and men accord
To him great praise and gratitude. All those
Who know him never can forget, and though
They journey far, will always bear with them
The memory of their principal, their friend.

—LUCILE SULLIVAN, '20.





EEL, Sandy, saer dark 'tis agettin', and yer faither naer hame from his jaerney," said Sandy McLean's mother late one afternoon in the winter of 1640.

"I fear me 'tis you will 'ave to be agoin' th' long way to poor Preacher McDougal," she continued.

Religious strife had become bitter in Scotland, and many Presbyterian ministers had been forced to seek refuge among the bleak hills and cold valleys of the Highland district. One was in hiding a few miles from Sandy's home.

In a secluded portion of the hill country, stood Campbell McLean's small cottage. "Bonny tho' wee," he called it, and, indeed, it was a snug little nest.

A very risky thing it was to aid the outcast preachers, with king's troopers "awatchin' of ev'ry move a body 'ud make," as Sandy oft said. In spite of the danger, however, many of the stalwart, Highland families would dodge the troops and carry food and clothing to the fugitives.

Business had taken Sandy's father to "Edinburg toun." As he left, he had said, "Sandy, me bairn, while I'm naer hame, 'tis you must take care o' Preacher McDougal."

Sandy promised, and had made one trip in his father's absence. Now the time had come for a second journey, and Sandy's mother was much afraid for the lad's safety. Reassuring her, Sandy bundled himself in his coat and shawl of Scottish plaid, and, taking his bundle for Preacher McDougal, set off singing a merry song. Sandy knew the Highlands. All of his twelve years had been spent in the rocky hills of northern Scotland.

As Sandy walked, he noticed the gathering of leaden and ominous storm clouds on the western horizon, where the sun had passed from sight a few moments before.

"A blizzard 'tis sure. Mayhap if I haste me, I'll be done my jaerney 'ere it's begun," thought Sandy and he quickened his pace. Darker the

Sandy McLean

sky became, and rougher the pathway, but Sandy's only thought was that Preacher McDougal could ill stand the effects of a storm, without the aid he was to receive from the package.

Sandy had nearly arrived at his destination when he felt snowflakes against his ruddy cheeks. The snow-fall, as yet, was only light, but Sandy well knew that he must hurry swiftly homeward.

Suddenly he stopped, and, looking stealthily about him, he cautiously made his way through a crevice in the mountain side and was soon in a warm cave lighted by a huge fire.

"Hoot mon, 'tis Sandy, me bairn. No more was I lookin' for ye this avening," said good Preacher McDougal.

"Ah! Sor, ye kin alway be countin' on us. An' ye'll need wat's in the basket to keep ye warm, for 'tis gettin' turrible cold outside," replied Sandy.

"Right glad I am to see ye, Sandy, for my wood for my fire, 'tis a-getting very low."

Sandy ventured out from the cave to get more wood for the fire. He found that the blizzard had arrived in full force. The wind was blowing a gale, and the snow swirled thick and fast. It was much colder, and Sandy thought of his long journey home in the darkness.

When he returned to the cave, he found Preacher McDougal standing in the entrance, contemplating the storm.

"Ye can naer gay hame this nicht. List to that howlin' wind. Ye'd lose yer way sure, me boy. Just ye stay wi' me tonicht," said the preacher, and the boy was right glad to stay except for the worry that he knew would trouble his mother.

The evening was spent in a very pleasant manner. The old preacher told the lad stories of thrilling adventures. At length the pair, after a prayer for the many, unfortunate, hunted preachers, slept.

The morning showed the effects of the storm. The rocky paths had been swept clean of snow by the winds which contrived to roar through the hills. The day was fair, and the patches of snow glistened in the morning sunlight. Sandy prepared to hasten homeward at once, before the roadways were more closely guarded.

"Take care, me lad. Leave no foot marks in th' snow. Watch, too, for the soldiers. 'Twould be a bad thing fer ye to be caught," said McDougal as the lad departed.

Sandy set out. Carefully he walked, avoiding the patches of snow. The day being so clear, Sandy thought, with alarm, how conspicuous he might be to the troopers.

Once he caught a fleeting glimpse of moving red specks which he guessed, rightly, to be soldiers, watching for traces of the outlaws or their aiders. He wondered if he had been seen; he quickened his step as he thought of the possible result. He thought of his parents and of the warm little kitchen. The thought of warmth and home and loved ones acted like a stimulant upon Sandy, who quickened his pace.

His path led him through a narrow ravine, and, farther on, to a higher level along a narrow ledge of rock on the hillside. In the rock

Sandy McLean

at one side was a deep cut. This was the most dangerous part of his journey; the path was narrow, and on one side was a sheer precipice with a straight drop of from two to three hundred feet, down into a swift, rocky mountain stream, which tore through the canyon below.

Carrying his basket, Sandy ran gayly around a turn in the path, only to come face to face with eight of his majesty's troopers. It was too late to retreat—they saw him and they were but a half-dozen paces away. Sandy had the presence of mind to fling his basket away, over the edge of the cliff. This, too, had been seen.

"Weel, Sonny, ye bin a feedin' of them heathin' outlaws, and ye kin lead us richt back wi' ye to the miserable scoundrels," said a tall, rough man.

Sandy quickly considered what discovery would mean to Preacher McDougal. What would his father, Campbell McLean, do in this case? Sandy knew. He would never betray his good old friend.

"Sor, ye are wrong; I've been to no heathin'," said Sandy.

"Lead us, ye fool. We've watched ye fore this," growled the leader.

"I canna, sor; I know not th' way," replied Sandy.

Fiercely the soldier grasped Sandy by the arm and held him out over the edge of the cliff.

"Look ye, I'll be a droppin' of ye there now, ye wretch, ye vagabond. Tell us while I count three now or ye'll go," roared the huge bully in anger.

"One."

Sandy thought of home and decided to tell—but—what would his father think?

"Two."

What would Preacher McDougal think?

"Tell us, ye brat, or ye die."

Never, never, thought Sandy, would a true Scotsman betray a friend.

"Three."

As the word "three" reached his ears, Sandy thought that his time had come. This, he had every reason to believe. The stern appearance of his captors removed any lingering hope of their relenting. He closed his eyes, expecting a dizzy fall onto the rocks below.

After what seemed eternity, he opened his eyes, surprised to find that he was yet alive. The soldier had lifted him, from over the chasm, back to the cliff's firm ledge.

What had transpired in the trooper's mind is difficult to explain. While there was yet time, he had realized that he, too, was Scotch—of the same blood and race as the little fellow he was about to destroy. Their churches differed in some details of form. What were they? Should he kill the lad merely because of his "duty to the king"? Finally he had answered the question to his satisfaction.

Sandy McLean was saved.

"Go, lad, along to yer hame. Fergit this day, an' we'll bother ye na more. Yer a true Scotchman, ye are," said the trooper.

"An' it's proud I am to be Scotch," replied little Sandy, and he walked slowly down the rocky pathway toward his mother and home.

DOUGLAS V. COOK, '20.



CEAN storms always hold one with the fascination of their winds, their whirling clouds, and their roaring white caps, as they pile up and sink, thundering and moaning, and, at last, in an ecstasy of fury, lash themselves to spray on the rocks or race and slide up the sands.

One early spring day we were on the Gulf of Mexico fishing. The sky was a light blue with only a few fleecy clouds on the horizon. There was very little breeze, and the deep water, smooth as oil, matched the delicate blue overhead. Early in the afternoon we noticed that the breeze had freshened and that the water was "ruffling" and rippling, and that the few fleecy clouds had become low-lying banks of grey. The captain of our power boat decided to start back, so we drew up anchor and started.

The storm came with a rush. The waves had steadily grown, and the water became a dark green, while above, the sky was rapidly covered with dark grey clouds of ever-changing shapes. The wind had risen to a low ominous hum, while here and there the crest of a wave broke, and the foaming white caps streaked the dark waters with lines of white. Here we were obliged to put up the big canvas spray hood, and place every thing under cover. The white caps formed oftener as we pushed through the waves, and the boat began to roll and plunge. First we climbed a peak of dark water and then sank into the trough of the waves. To hear each other's voices was impossible. The wind and waves drowned every sound but the throb of the engine that pulsed under the spray hood. We were all obliged to wear slickers to protect us from the spray which momentarily drenched us.

Then came the rain, with only a few warning drops, followed by the down pour. It fell in driving sheets, forcing its way through the hood and beating with all the force of the gale upon our faces. It hissed as it beat patterns of concentric circles on the heaving waters.

Dick, the young fisher boy, who seemed to have amphibian instincts while on the water, was sleeping under the bow with Howard, a budding

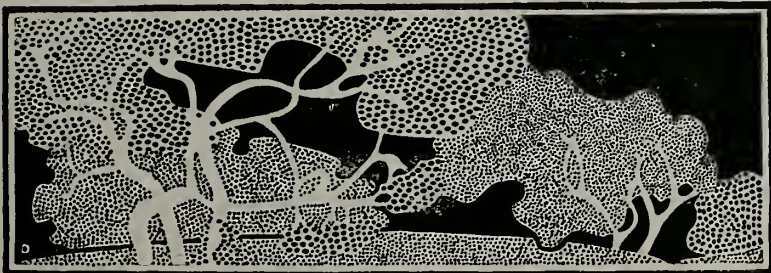
The Gulf Storm

young naturalist. As both were of a rather lengthy construction, they were cramped tightly in the narrow bow. It must be added that both showed themselves to be sound sleepers, for the jolts received in that bow were terrific. Then, too, the engine sent many a rare whiff of hot gasoline and oil forward, making the air delightful (?). Mr. Hanmer, the botanist, was sitting huddled near the stern, chatting with our host, Mr. Holmes, who also furnished the amusement. The captain was peering around the side of the hood while he gripped the wheel. His eyes were mere slits as he looked through the rain and mist, and a firm expression was on his face, though it now and then broke into a grin as he turned to shake the brine from his eyes. I sat opposite him, looking seaward at the high flying gulls, and ducking as the bow threw the waves aft.

Finally we sighted land, a grey wraith-like bank of tossing pine and mangrove. Then I took my trick at the wheel, steering our way by tossing buoys and channel markers. It was my turn now to endure the force of the waves and cold stinging spray as the boat plunged from some giant wave, and, rearing again, hurled the waves mountain high. My hat was gone, and my hair was pasted in strings to my forehead and in my eyes. After each big wave, I brushed the water from my eyes and looked to see that we had not been thrown from our course. Captain "Goodie" was wearing a broad grin as if the storm delighted his rough nature.

The ten miles back to the harbor seemed to take ages, but at last we plowed along on the great racing swells into the mouth of the harbor, and passed the great, concrete breakwaters, long piers, old pilings, rakish fishing boats, and on into our "slip," where only the lift and fall of the swells told of the fury outside. From the Yacht Club veranda where we waited for the rain to stop, we could see the tall slender palms, tossing and pushing back and forth while along the sands, farther up the beach, the surf still boomed and plowed in long rolling white furrows, only to slide quietly up the sands and trickle back into the undertow.

—SAM O. SMART.





Dusk



HE distant trees a-top the darkened hill
Are sharply etched upon the ruddy sky;
The cooling stream, mysterious and still,
In sweeping curve flows swiftly, softly by.
Dull gray and brown the fields of stubble lie.
Within a grove, farm buildings nestled stand;
Pines, inky black, are stern and stately high.
The cattle, in a lowing, eager band,
Are coming home across the fresh-plowed, fragrant land.

All down the street the raucous sirens scream;
The street cars clang; drays rumble, rattle past;
Tired shoppers hurry in a constant stream,
Which rushes ever faster and more fast.
The traffic moves obedient to a blast
From a shrill whistle. Buildings tall their lights
Flash forth; a dingy flag flaps from a mast—
From rush and hurry and confusing sights,
The glowing western sky, smoke-streaked, the view invites.
—J. LAURENS VAN ZANT, '19.

We have learned, when, each year, Spring first soars down upon the earth with its sweet, half-timid caress, to listen with a better understanding and greater appreciation to the welcome songs of Spring's own attendants, the birds.

We have learned to love and appreciate art for its true value and for the beautiful and sublime that live in the world for those that know this secret of art appreciation.

We have learned to meet the master-minds of the ages and wander with them through the mystic, romance-land of literature.

We have learned to love and reverence our country and flag, and we have come to a more perfect understanding of the glorious foundations upon which this government of ours is builded.

These are some of the things that we have learned at Shortridge.



Mercury And The Youth

(Prize Humorous Article)



CENE: A park bench; a man is seated at one end of the bench, with a face like Mercury's in repose; at the other end, a boy, with a face showing much grief. Mercury, a friendly man, observes that it is a fine afternoon. The boy shifts his position slightly, and answers, "Mfh!!"

This Mercury, who is wise in the ways of youth, and is also of a sympathetic nature, smiles and says,

"In that case, young man, who is she?"

"Aw! I gotta write a real snappy comic sketch for English tomorrow, and someone just turned me down for the Senior Prom,—if I ever felt less comic, I don't know when it was."

The man sits silent for a while at this revelation of tragedy, then turns to the boy:

"I have heard of a time when men were not so interested in "someone" as they were in a sparkling liquid. Let us not dwell upon unlawful things, however, but upon a blithesome play, which shall make us forget the present.

"Some years ago, in a park even more beautiful than this, a very wise man walked and conversed with certain of his students. One of the students, named Lysais, sadly told of his doubt of the love of Balce, the most beautiful girl of Athens. The master, none other than Socrates, began to question Lysais, and also others of the group, concerning girls in general. Such was his skill, that in a short while all had established the conviction that, for the good of Athens, women should be driven out. Lysais was won over to Socrates' side, and he renounced Balce forever. At this juncture the wife of Socrates, Xantippe, appeared, and with few words, led Socrates away.

"Glaucou, another of the group, said, 'Tis noon; my wife will also call me to account if I am not at home quickly.'

"Then spoke Lysais, 'A kingdom wider than that of Persia would not tempt me, if I could say those same words, comrades; I'm gon'ta try to find Balce.' Thus endeth the story of the philosopher."

The boy rose, yawned, and said, "No comedy in that; I've gotta have something snappy; I'll go downtown to a show; maybe it'll have something good; so long."

Mercury looked after him and smiled,

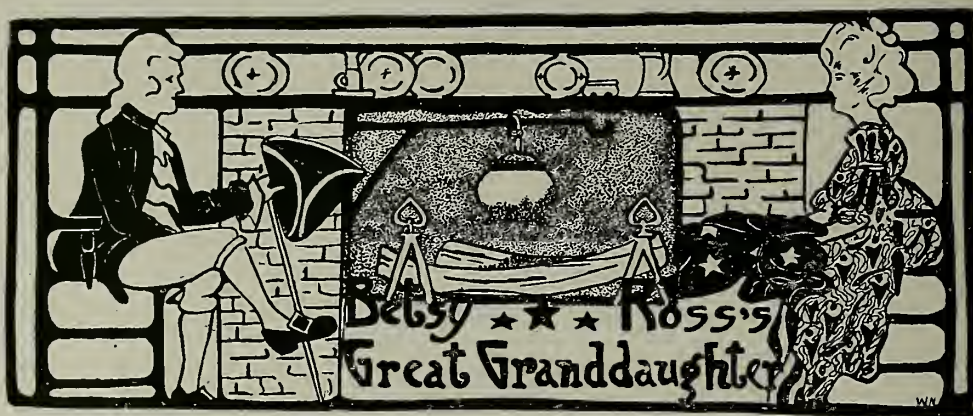
"Guess I'll go too; that story made me a little sleepy; wonder what made me tell it to him?"

—LISLE C. HUNTER, '20.



DRAMA





IN a room in Independence Hall she sat, day after day, making and selling flags. She was a small woman with snow-white hair and a sweet, pleasant face, on which "time and his twin brother, care," had left their marks. In her brown eyes, shaded by glasses, there was a look of sadness. Her nose was delicate, and her mouth, though firm and brave, often trembled as she bent over her work. She was dressed in a black skirt and neat shirt waist. From her appearance, one would judge that she was a woman who had had many experiences, and perhaps had even had a touch of romance. As she sat there, surrounded by flags, one could not help comparing her with one's conception of her famous ancestor.

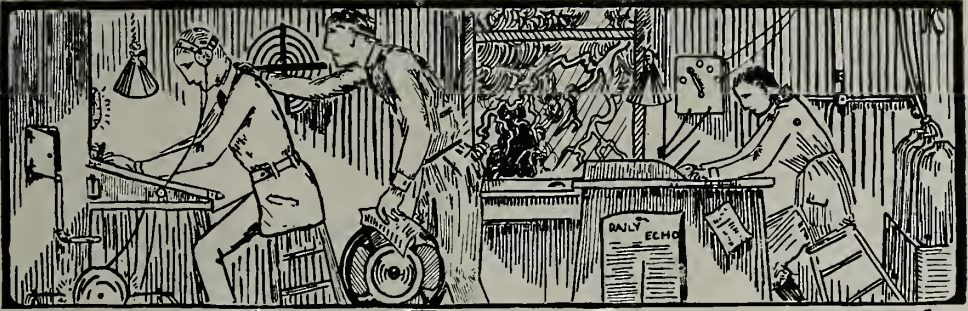
I have always thought of Betsy Ross as a plump, comely young woman, of average height, with golden hair, big blue eyes, a rather large, smiling mouth with pearly teeth.

People went in and out of the room in Independence Hall, not so much to buy flags, as to see Betsy Ross's great granddaughter.

Often when I open my treasure box and look at the little flag that she gave me, I wonder whether she is still there, going about her daily tasks, and I sometimes doubt the use of famous ancestors when one has to struggle against poverty.

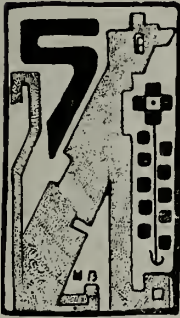
—RUTH F. RANKIN.





The Big Scoop

(Prize Story)



SHORTRIDGE had had a wonderful basket ball team that year. It was truly a marvel. Every man on the squad was a star, and a more perfect aggregation would be hard to imagine. The team went through the sectional with ease, defeating the local runner-up by a large score. A week later, at the state meet, a similar story was enacted; Bloomington, Franklin, and all of the other state champs of old were met and overthrown. Shortridge High of Indianapolis, without question, had the best team in Indiana, and she was privileged to represent the Hoosier state in the newly instituted Central States tournament to be run off at the University of Illinois, in the early part of March. Dope on this meet was rather scarce, but, judging from the scores of the few of the interstate games which had been played, Shortridge had as good a chance as any to bring home the honors. In fact, the betting was even on the Indiana and Ohio champions.

As the days for the tournament drew near, the excitement in the halls of Shortridge became tense. The team was put through hard practice for a week, and then, several days before the tournament, it entrained for the twin cities of Urbana and Champaign. A few special cars were engaged to convey the Shortridge rooters, and not a few automobiles made the trip. Still, by far the greater part of the student body remained at home. Shortridgers were not alone in being interested in the outcome of the title series. All of Indianapolis and even all of Indiana were watching with proud eyes the team which would represent their city and state. The local papers ran first page articles on the prospects of the tournament, and each sent special correspondents to the college towns.

On the second and last day of the tournament, very little work was done at Shortridge. Students gathered in excited little groups about the school and discussed the outcome of each game as the results were telegraphed in. "Shortridge Survives Semi-finals in Great Style" was the

The Big Scoop

headline over an enthusiastic article in the evening paper. Few noticed the weather forecast at the bottom of the column, which predicted a severe blizzard during the night.

It was a terrible storm that swept the middle west, while the finals of the Central States Basket Ball Tournament were being played off in the substantial and well-heated new armory of the University of Illinois. Telegraph and telephone lines were leveled to the ground, and great impassable drifts of snow were heaped over the railroad tracks. In other words, all forms of communication were cut off. At midnight, after it had performed its miserable task, the storm subsided. Several editions of the morning paper went to press without news from the tournament. At last, only the city edition remained. After holding the edition for thirty minutes and trying to get a wire by every route from Duluth to New Orleans, the sport editor heaved a sigh and ordered the forms locked. A minute later the presses were whirling rhythmically. The first paper to reach the streets was bought by the worried editor of the Shortridge Daily Echo, which would appear on the following day. Frantically he searched for the Urbana dispatch. Imagine his disappointment when he found it missing. Jumping into his fast little car, he scorched the trail to the telegraph office.

"All western wires are down," was the answer which met his ears when he presented a message. That explained the situation. At the other telegraph and telephone offices he met with no better success. It was a miserable night that the poor fellow put in. If he could only get the news of the meet before nine o'clock the next morning! What a scoop it would be for the Echo!

On the next day he was at school at 8:30 to read the proof. How dry and uninteresting it was compared to what it might have been. Then an idea struck him. Up the stairs, past Miss Donnan he dashed, two steps at a time. He made straight for the Wireless Room. What luck! One of his friends who understood the set was "listening in."

"Can you talk with Urbana or Champaign?" he cried. "Please hurry!"

Consulting his call book, the operator discovered that a large 1000-watt relay station was located in Urbana. "Call them quick," shouted the editor.

"9 G E, 9 G E, 9 G E——9 C Q, 9 C Q, 9 C Q," was radiated forth from the slender strands of wire fifty feet overhead. They threw the switch and waited a breathless moment.

"9 C Q, 9 C Q, 9 C Q——9 G E, 9 G E, 9 G E," came back the clear synchronous spark of the Urbana station.

The Big Scoop

"Ask him who won the tournament."

"Shortridge, of Indianapolis," was spelled out a minute later.

"Fine! Get the details of the game," cried the editor as he scribbled down the head, "Shortridge, Central States Champ."

"Take this down to Mr. McKee, and tell him that the article will follow immediately," he said, drafting into service one of the Echo staff members who was on hand.

The next few minutes were busy ones for the editor and radio operator. The information was put into form as fast as it came in and the copy sent to the linotypes, a sheet at a time. The article was completed at 8:55; at 9:00 o'clock the forms were locked and the Echo went to press.

Several thousand extra copies of the edition were printed and they were sold by newsboys on the streets. On the dateline of the tournament article were the words, "Urbana, Illinois," and above these, "Special by Wireless to the Echo."

The Shortridge Daily Echo had "beat" the town.

—EDWIN C. HURD, '20.



The Task



IS hard to sit and study,
To spend each day at a desk,
When youth sees life through a rose-colored mist,
And troubles seem but a jest.

'Tis hard, when the world seems to beckon,
And life's pathway seems paved with gold,
To sit midst the gloom of the books and things,
And to do the things we are told.

'Tis hard to stay here at Shortridge
When Life and the world seem to call.
But to leave these dear halls of Shortridge,
That is the hardest of all.

—MORRIS KARLYN BARRETT, '20.

A · Page · From · A · Diary

(With apologies to Peppy, Bab and anyone else who has ever
written a diary)

September 11, 2037.



ODAY was Sunday. The weather being fine for flying, I flivvered over to Paris, and spent a delightful afternoon wandering through the museum. I had not been to Paris since last month when the League of Nations was finally settled; and they had made several recent additions to the museum which interested me very much.

One of these was a white substance, much like grains of pulverized marble. The scientific name for it is "SUGAR." One of the museum guards, who is friend of mine, explained it to me. At one time, Sugar was very plentiful, and was even to be found up to the year 1920, when it became extinct, this being due to the fact that the demand was greater than the supply. People used to eat it, he said. I asked him what eat meant, and was very much amused when I learned that our ancestors were so primitive as to keep themselves alive in this crude manner. I would much rather get my nourishment from a hypodermic.

Just as I was ready to leave, the guard took me into the safety-vault, and showed me another relic which Dr. Abbot, the noted explorer, unearthed on his last trip to America. It was a hard, black mineral called coal. The piece was about three inches in diameter, and is said to be the largest known specimen.

The guard, who was a very learned man, told me something about the history of coal. Until about seventy-five years ago, the whole world depended upon coal for all its heat and power; and in 1919 it nearly caused Civil War in this country. People burned it in large receptacles, made for the purpose, and out of them great clouds of smoke would spread all over the country, making everything so dusky that people could go about in the day time without wearing dark-glasses. Very ignorant people, I would call them, for using this method of heating with all the Sun's rays going to waste.

How glad I am that I live in this modern age.

—RICHARD C. LENNOX, '19.

FA Prophecy F



IN future days when we halt in one of the many and diverse paths which we have selected for life's journey, when we stand gazing forward into the dim future, and backward into the past, the joyous carefree days of our high school years will rise before us, bringing happy memories and tender recollections. Visions of the dear old school, with the halls and corridors and classrooms filled with friends and classmates, will rise before our mind's eye. Faces of chums and teachers will pass before us. In a long panorama we will see basket ball games with all the attendant joys—the yell leaders, the school colors, the excited crowds, the tense moments, and the hard won fruits of victory. The proms, with the weeks of anticipation, the auditorium exercises with the home talent programs to which all looked forward, all the funny incidents and good times connected with high school days, will occur to us as we stand there in the path with a little reminiscent smile, and with a tiny sigh for the days which we let slip away so carelessly and for which now, we would give anything to live over again.

That will be a time when we fully appreciate our school and the things for which it has always stood. Out of days of lessons and fun, and thoughtless pleasure, our ideals will rise—ideals subconsciously formed in those all-too-short four years. Teachers that we thought were unreasonable, or cross, or overly particular, we will have long since found were among the best. Under them we formed—perhaps protestingly—careful habits of study, conscientious work and concentration, all counting for so much in after life; to them, in great part will we owe our success. In the clubs and organizations, we learned to assume responsibility, to feel self possession and self confidence. Among the many classmates we knew, we learned the art of picking friends, the art of selecting the chaff from the wheat; and through years we shall have still our little circle of Shortridgers of the old class of '20, friends who have lasted through the years. But of all the things unconsciously imbibed, the most precious is the true Shortridge spirit of loyalty, faithfulness, truthfulness, and the power of clinging steadfastly to our ideals.

As we stand in the path, the rosy vision will fade, the school days will grow dim, and instead, our immediate problems and trials will stand forth. Strengthened by the thoughts of bygone days, we will bravely advance, thankful in our hearts for what has been given, and ready to meet the problems and trials and responsibilities of the future with a smile and a will.

—ELIZABETH GORE THOMSON, '20.

Alma Mater



Y patron deity is not piping Pan or tonsured saint; it is Alma Mater. I knew her first and best as Shortridge, a guardian who exhorted me, reproached me, inspired me, by turn, and never failed to believe in me. Our bonds were so enviably personal! To her expectation, the highest power in me had no choice but to respond.

Then came the day when Time severed ties and sent me far afield to an Alma Mater, new and changed, resting in the lap of a great city that never sleeps. This Alma Mater did not take my hand or set my footsteps, but stood aside and merely indicated my path, leaving its exploration to my own discretion and device. At first my spirit rose in futile rebellion. Revolt against a law of life itself held no nobility, and I came to see that Alma Mater was but arming me to face the very cause and reason for my aspirations, the world. She knew its attitude, prodigal of criticism, miserly of praise, indifferent and fickle toward the unmade man, as I was soon to learn it from the constant sight of New York City.

The world metropolis is so sufficient in her magnitude that one life trampled is unfelt. Her towering skyscrapers rub noses with the clouds, as if spying upon Olympus, and her subways burrow deep into the vitals of earth, shaking the very confines of Hades. Far seaward, the reach of her sandy shore vies with Poseidon; far inland, her teeming thoroughfares and their devious tributaries encroach upon the realms of Demeter. Where New York harbor spreads its green-black carpet under puffing tugs and stolid battle-ships, there points upward the torch-lit palm of a great bronze statue, as it stands gray-etched against space. She is Liberty, symbol of that very privilege I accepted so hesitantly from my new Alma Mater!

—MARGARET TRUSLER.





Never

Again



CALLED to take a friend of mine
To see a vaudeville show.
I'd dressed myself up very fine;
What was to come, I could not know.

The door was answered by her mother,
Who said it was my lot to wait
And meet her cousin's nephew's brother,
As Mary was a little late.

This brother was indeed quite small,
About three years of age.
He tackled me first within the hall—
Much to my inward rage.

The little rascal mussed my suit;
He even pulled my hair,
And, with a wild, unholy hoot,
He grabbed me from my chair.

Oh! when would Mary come, thought I,
As baleful Bill gave me a tug.
And then gave I a mournful sigh,
As he covered me with the parlor rug.

Minutes seemed hours then to me,
As he kicked me with his little boot.
From care and worry I was not free,
But her folks just laughed and said, "How cute!"

His dirty hands my neck were gripping,
Deep in my heart were thoughts of murder.
I felt my manners good all slipping—
When, coming down the stair, I heard 'er.

I would much rather face a bear,
And if I should become her "steady,"
Rather than meet what I had there,
I'd wait outside till she was ready.

—DOUGLAS V. COOK.

Christmas · At · West · Baden

(Prize Essay)



"VE played many a date," said Tom Sanger, famous clown, who was born in a tent with grease-paint on his nose, "but this takes the cake." Mr. Sanger was right. It took the cake—that is, so far as my judgment was concerned.

Several days before Christmas, 1918, my sister Irene and I were called upon by the War Camp Community Service to devote our Christmas to the merry-making of the convalescent soldiers stationed at West Baden, Indiana, United States General Hospital. My sister and I held council with each other and decided to give up our cherished day at home and make immediate preparations for the trip.

On the most wonderful Christmas Eve since the first mass nineteen hundred and eighteen years before, we and our party arrived at one of the most fashionable hotels in the United States—the famous West Baden Springs Hotel. The hotel is now run by Lieutenant Colonel R. W. Bliss, and it caters to a class largely made up of private gentlemen—tourists who have recently returned from France. They are resting here after a strenuous season. These are the men who gazed upon blood when it was red, who smelled the mustard gas when it was hot and noxious, and who listened to the famous Krupp Symphony. Many a note in that opera fell flat, leaving an impress never to be forgotten by those who were in the neighborhood.

All day long the celebrated atrium, one of the largest rooms in the world, rang and sang with laughter and greeting, from early in the morning when we were romantically awakened by the sound of the reveille until we closed our eyelids that evening. Festoons were hung across the giant court. No trench was ever dug with more care and energy. The great Christmas tree was wheeled to the center of the atrium, and it was decorated, with great enthusiasm, by sweating soldiers, who lugged hundreds upon hundreds of gift boxes to be distributed later.

As if by magic there sprang up in the east end of the court a large platform and circus ring with real tan bark. Here four huge elephants performed their tricks, and five snarling, fang-dripping lions, roaring their savage hate at the trainer, who goaded them to perform their tricks, tore at the iron bars which held them from leaping at the throats of the breathless watchers. Two dogs put on the boxing gloves and fought a three-round bout. Sanger, the clown, and a kangaroo put on the gloves and fought. A beauteous dame did lightsome and frilly equestrian business on a big white horse, with a cute little black horse for comedy.

Christmas · At · West · Baden

There were present veterans of Chateau Thierry, of Toul, of the Argonne Forest, of Bois de Belleau and of all the spots which were marked with blood, and which will be graven in imperishable granite on the tombs of history. These crippled American boys were grinning to forget their pain, cheering the clown, and giving the kangaroo an ovation.

After the evening meal, when the noise of the day had died down and the lights were beautifully dimmed in the atrium, the boys who were able to be in their chairs, gathered around the large tree, and I took my banjo and, accompanied by "sis," sang to them by request some of the old southern melodies of their choice. Then just before taps, little Raymond Bliss, thirty-six inches high and every inch a soldier, spoke in a clear accent, "God Bless Us, Every One." That night in our room we declared to each other that the day had been delightfully pathetic, and gloriously spent with a probable thousand of the recent war's greatest veterans.

—BERNICE HART.

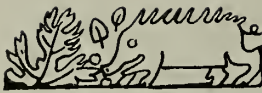
Niagara Falls



NIAGARA FALLS, nature's most wonderful creation! Here the water is foamy white, there emerald green, farther on the deepest blue, rushing on in a ceaseless torrent. The sun shines on the tossing spray, and brilliant rainbows are visible.

A winding path leads under "The Bridal Veil," the largest of the group, on through the "Cave of the Wind." A spiral stairway and several wooden bridges conduct you to the cave, a trip of thrilling interest. From the bridge in front of the Falls, you can look to the very top and along the bank where the cold and stinging spray dashes over you. Your guide moves on, and you follow. On by the "Rock of Ages," you carefully pick your way. You open your mouth to make some appropriate (?) remark such as, "Isn't it pretty?" or, "Aren't you thrilled?" but you can't speak; you can scarcely breathe. You press madly on; the water surges against you with such impact that you are driven back; you are blinded by the drenching spray. You feel that you can bear it no longer, that beating, cutting torrent, when, as suddenly as it has started, it ceases, and you gaze back under that sheet of water, awed that you have passed behind it.

MARIAN MILLER, '20.



A

Jungle



ARM and soft was the air which, heavy with the elusive odor of growing things, rose from the jungle. It was "spring o' the year"; so the bobby little meadowlark called from the grasses, and the wonderful Florida forest was blooming at its touch. As I look back over that day and see the perfect picture from which time has erased the little blemishes, I sigh for the gift of the poet or artist that I might have some outlet for the gorgeous emotion surging up within me.

That was a never-to-be-forgotten day as I lay on the smooth floor of the forest, and, running my fingers through its clean carpet of tiny, little, glossy live oak leaves, took in the wonders about me. Writhing up from the smooth blanket of the leaves, groped the trunks of struggling trees which seemed to have had no aim of growth, but feeling in all directions like the poor blind things that they were, sought the life-giving sunshine. Like slender columns to support the roof, shot up straight stems of palms which mingled their feathery heads with the living thatch above. Air plants, like hideous monsters of dismal thickets, dangled with snakey arms from every rafter, but soft, restful pendants of Spanish moss trailed from arch and ceiling. Constrictor-like, myriad creepers twisted many a Gordian knot about the helpless trees, ever climbing, tearing, choking, so relentless was the struggle.

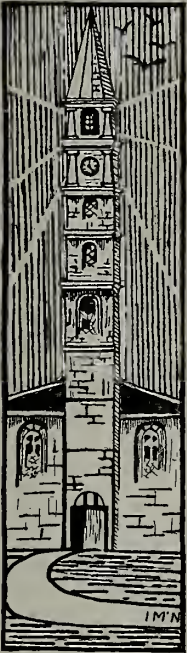
Twittering in the trees, and feeding on the limbs and bushes, many little birds, some red, some yellow, some blue, cast their delicate reflections in the dark amber waters of the lake. Black in the shadows, and placid, lay the pool from which rose creamy racemes of lizards' tails, making heavy the air with their cloying sweetness. Gaudy little green and brown chameleons frisked about on the branches, bathed in little pools of liquid sunshine which trickled through the leaves. Ever and anon, a brilliant burst of song came floating from a hidden source, only to die out as suddenly as it arose.

Indistinctly through the trees, the lake could be seen so very very blue, and just a trifle ruffled by a sluggish wind. Acres of lavender-pink water hyacinths, and yellow water lillies lent their indescribable color to the deep ultramarine water. The blue sky, a bit paler perhaps than the water, was dotted and splotted with floating steam clouds, while lazy buzzards sailed high aloft on sable wings. Mysterious screeches and grunts arose from the dense cat-tails which defied penetration, and occasionally a large, white heron went flopping past.

It seemed that all the beauty, all the mystery, all the subtle appeal of nature were embodied in this surpassing scene. The mountains may be majestic, the sea, awe-inspiring, but the jungle delights the eye, charms the ear, and convinces one of his utter inability to understand it. With perfumed breath and flowery embrace it greets one, only perhaps to slip a scorpion into his bosom. But that is the way of the jungle.

—HOWARD A. HOWE, '19.

The - Beacon - Light



FROM my early childhood I had always thought of the old North Church as a tall building with a towering steeple from which that beacon light of history had shone forth so many years ago to signal the impatient Paul Revere. And I had thought of it in a neighborhood of prosperous mint-masters and church elders. Imagine, then, my surprise at seeing this historical place in its present environment. My illusions were shattered.

Here it stood, still, serene, dignified, and respected, in the heart of a closely settled foreign quarter of Boston. Bleak and ugly tenement houses towered above it and stretched away in almost every direction. Dirty, but plump and happy little black-eyed children tumbled out of open doorways into the warm sunshine. Their playground was the street and curbstone. Their mothers, Jugo-Slavs, Czeco-Slavs, Armenians, or Roumanians, jabbered in their native tongue the latest gossip from their back doors. Foreigners! Foreigners! Everywhere! We, good, American-history-

loving citizens, were somewhat shocked to find these conditions surrounding a site so dear to our American hearts.

Walking on up the little street, we came to the quaint old colonial burying ground known as Copp's Hall. Think of our disappointment when we found that, at that hour, no more visitors could go inside the gate. We paused a while, and looked through the iron fence. We were both astonished and shocked to see more little foreigners using this historic spot for a playground—sitting astride the tombstone of Cotton Mather and his like, just as if these tombstones were the best of hobby horses. I almost expected these stern old reformers to rise up out of their graves—and I almost believe they would have done so if they had had the power, in horror at this indignity and insult.

To think that we, true Americans, were denied the right to enter this place and gaze upon the graves of those brave old colonists, to view with stirring hearts the well-known Charleston River, to appreciate the solemnity of this spot, while little foreigners entirely irreverent, were making themselves daily at home in this intensely interesting old spot.

Turning away with a mixed feeling of reverence and amusement, we started to go on, but had proceeded only a short distance when we were interrupted by a twelve-year-old boy of foreign birth.

The - Beacon - Light

"Wanta see the sights, ladies?" he asked us brightly, "let me show you around. Here you can see the Charleston River. Over there is where Paul Revere first started on his midnight ride. Over there by that tall building—" We followed him, becoming more and more interested and curious at this little foreigner's surprising familiarity with the numerous historical places and the stories connected with each of them. Finally my mother voiced her curiosity by saying, "Boy! Where did you learn so much about all these places? Were you born in Boston?"

"No, lady," he answered, turning his bright, black eyes toward mother, "but we came here when I was very little, and I learned to speak English at school. It was my teacher who told us all about these places and where to find them in the city." And he went on pointing out and describing the places of interest.

At last we had found the key to the Americanization of our many foreigners; unknowingly this little waif was paying a high tribute to that loyal American, the public school teacher, who more than any other one individual should have the credit for training the foreigners to be true Americans.

And so, though the light of the little North Church may be dimmed by time and the tall tenements, the gleam of its beacon shines more radiantly with the years.

MARY E. SUTHERLAND, '20.

The Only One



UT in the sweet-scented, old-fashioned garden sat the Boy, a huddled little figure of misery. The day had brought one misfortune after another, childish troubles, true, but still very real and great to him. But the crowning misery had come, when, at some mischievous act, his father, whom the Boy adored, had let displeasure draw a dark frown on his face and had abruptly dismissed the Boy from the supper table. And so he sat, feeling that all the world was against him. Suddenly, in the soft dusk, a graceful figure in white came towards him and lifted him in tender, understanding arms. She seated herself and rocked him, crooning softly and letting his curly head drop to a comfortable resting place on her shoulder. Then the Boy realized in a dim way (he was too young to understand fully) that though the whole world were turned against him, his own beautiful mother would remain to comfort and to understand him. And so, with a contented little sigh, he fell asleep.

ELIZABETH GORE THOMSON, '20.



Little over a year ago the question:—"What is the American Legion?"—had not been framed. The American Legion existed only in the day dreams, the wonderings, and the hopes of the doughboy in France and his brother-in-arms at home, waiting for over-seas orders that never came. A great organization of American Veterans of the World War with a million members organized into posts throughout the U. S., recognized, respected, feared and fearless, potentially the most powerful influence in American life, had not been conceived. It is now an accomplished fact and is all that its name implies; also it is the only organ-

ization of its kind in the history of the U. S., to be honored by Congress with a national charter. It has been recognized and indorsed by the doughboy and by his brother-in-arms.

The membership of the American Legion is open to all men who served their country in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps during the World War, and to all the women who served as nurses, Red Cross workers or entertainers for the boys in the camps.

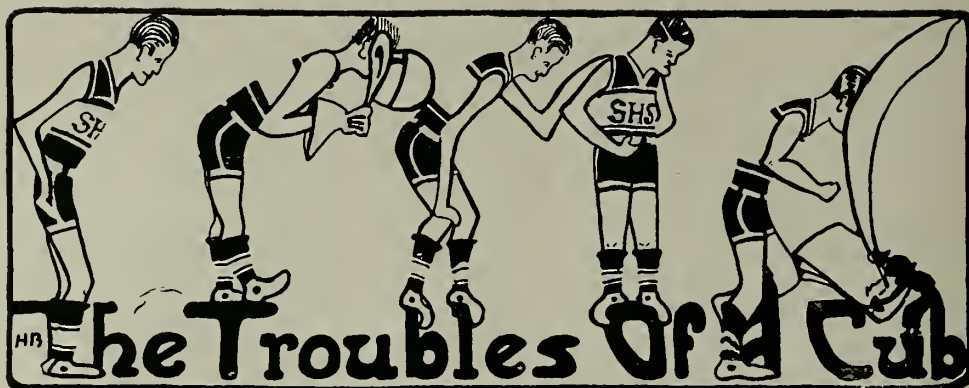
The chief aim of the American Legion is to uphold one hundred per cent. Americanism and to do everything in its power to sustain the Government of the United States. It also looks after and keeps together the men who did their bit in the upholding of America's greatest principle, "Liberty."

The Sweet Bill recently passed by Congress, which raised the pay for compensation from thirty dollars to eighty dollars a month was one of the great things the Legion has successfully accomplished. This act not only shows their influential standing, but also shows that they are backing the wounded and disabled men discharged from the service.

The growing strength of the Legion in numbers and power has been reflected more and more in its reception by the country at large and in editorial comments. Editors of influential newspapers throughout the country hail it as the most potent factor for the betterment of our national life.

An organization based upon such principles can not do otherwise than survive, and lead the American people into true blue Americanism.

ROBERT E. HALL.



NE would scarcely know without actual experience, the difficulties one encounters when called upon to interview certain men of prominence. I have had the pleasure of interviewing sundry personages—but when Ye Ed informed me that I was to interview Harold Snow Vorhes, I was so nervous at the prospect that I felt it would be better for me to make my living blowing up toy balloons. Finally, my courage clutched in both hands, I took the big step—into his study. Here I found the walls lined with books, showing the tell-tale marks of long usage—books on science, philosophy and psychology. One wall was

filled with volumes of sermons and essays—among them Mr. Vorhes' own Junior essay, "The Brotherhood of Boys." Occupying another wall was a life-size painting of a stern-looking military man.

And when Mr. Vorhes entered, and the usual formalities were passed, I remarked, "I presume you are descended from a line of long ancestors. May I ask, 'Is this a portrait of one of them?' "

"No!" he said proudly, "that was painted back in the eighties when I was a member of Boy Scout Troop No. 20."

I found by this time, to my great relief, that this gentleman was very kind and obliging, but it was difficult for me to understand what he was saying, due to the fact that he persisted in craning his neck out the window. I afterward learned that certain of the fair sex were passing by at the time.

I asked him, "Where were you born?"

"In Athens."

"Oh—you're Greek! I suppose you'll be out for the Olympic games?"

"Well, er-I don't know—you see it's Athens, Ohio."

"And, by the way, at what time in your life did you make the decision to let your hair grow out?"

"At eight-fifteen, at Eaton's,"—withdrawing his head from the window—"Oh-er-a-what did you say?"

"I was just remarking that it was time for me to leave. Goodbye."

Next, I encountered W. Harold Caldwell in the park, with Dr. Grayston, his physician and personal adviser. I asked the latter if I might not have an interview with the athlete, and he acquiesced very graciously.

Mr. Caldwell looked well, considering the time he had been shut in.

The Troubles Of A Cub

"What was the cause of his illness? The gout?" I asked. I know my cheeks flamed when the doctor explained that he had a couple of ribs fractured in a game.

"Of course," I murmured. To think that I had forgotten!

Mr. Caldwell would be noticed anywhere for his pleasing manners, and he soon put me at my ease.

"Miss Brown, I believe," said he, removing his hat and gloves as he spoke. (I recognized them as the ones he had worn in the game at Argos.) "I have been expecting your call, as Mr. Vorhes told me only last night that I might look for almost anything."

During the short time that we conversed I learned much of this gentleman's school life and travels. He was born in our own fair city. Later his family removed to Castleton. There the boy, Will Harold, won fame and friends, but Providence brought him back to his native city, the home of his childhood days. Here he is content.

"Surely," I thought, as I went my way, "fame means nothing to this man, but the satisfaction of having defeated a strong opponent means much."

As I mused, I looked back, and he and the doctor were laughing loudly.

I already had the pleasure of Malcolm Everton Thomson's acquaintance. Why, yes, you see we used to be old Frenchmen together in Room 15. He'd say, "Comprenez-vous cela?" and I'd say, "Oo-la, la! Oui, Oui."

Mr. Thomson is not one to talk of himself. He would far rather talk of the other fellow. He has told me many surprising—yes, more than surprising—I might even say astonishing things about the team. But on only one occasion was I able to draw him out a little. At that time he told me that he had come from Logansport. Logansport! Where had I heard of the place before? Then I remembered having read of a girl who walked all the distance from Kokomo to Logansport, only to be sent back to Kokomo again. And they tell me as how it was the happiest day of her life—when she landed again in Kokomo.

Here I realized that I was getting sadly away from the subject, so I brought myself back with a jerk.

"Mr. Thomson," I said, "you believe in athletics, n'est-ce pas? Now tell me, what would happen if the mayor would take the sport out of Logansport?"

From that day to this, though he has always been pleasant, yet there is a difference. What caused it I do not know.

The next person I was called up to have a talk with was "our own baby Riley" of Christmas Echo fame; and such a time as I had to meet him. In true snoophound fashion, I had followed him all over this part of Indiana only to have him disappear in the most mysterious manner just as I got within reach of him.

The Troubles Of A Cub

When I finally did get an introduction to him it came in a most amusing way. I had been talking to Mr. Thomson as I did whenever the occasion presented itself or whenever he would talk to me.

"Have you ever met Louise?" said he.

"No, but I should like to meet her," I said, thinking, "Ah ha! this must be the girl of the golden hair."

To my great surprise Louise proved to be Louis F. Riley.

"Ah, the Mr. Riley, they speak of so highly," I said.

"And Miss Brown," said he, "of newspaper renown."

Wasn't he clever?

"You are Scandahoovian, I presume."

"No, indeed, I am Irish," was his reply.

So I write it down though I doubt it very much. How could a man by that name be Irish?

"Mr. Irish," I said, "what is your second name?"

"Mr. Riley," he corrected smilingly, "but I would rather not give my second name. The initial is F."

Perhaps I shouldn't jump at conclusions, but I'm convinced that his name is Louis Fourteenth Riley.

I looked about for Malcolm Everton Thomson, but he had gone his way when I went to Converse with Louis XIV. What an error! I conversed with him, that's true, and in the course of our conversation I found that he had come from Converse, Ind.

I was about to ask him if that was the reason he talked so much, but I didn't think it was a very good joke; so I didn't say it.

I next called upon Frank Edgar Stevens.

I had thought that I was accustomed to this sort of experience and would no longer become panic-stricken at the prospect, but not so with the mighty Stevens, "individual star" and "big noise" of the team. You see I had watched him from every angle of the floor. I had seen him slay his adversary, coolly step across the dead body and put a ball into the basket with the indifference of that old Indian chief Powhatan. Furthermore I had heard that a certain film company was trying to get his signature to a ninety-nine year contract at woman hater parts, and from all appearances it wasn't going to be much of a task. How could I, a mere cub, hope to gain even five minutes of his time?

I had my own secret reasons for wanting to meet him. I admired him for his achievements and something else. It was this. Once I had seen him walking down the street just like an ordinary person, and had discovered that he knew how to wear his hat, something that most men haven't learned. Yes he knew this, but he didn't know how to conceal the fact that he had a new watch, as he took it out on every occasion. This isn't mere hearsay. I know it to be absolutely true.

The Troubles Of A Cub

As I've said, I wanted to meet Frank Stevens.

Finally the day I had planned for and dreaded, came. I never knew just how, but I've often guessed that it was through the efforts of Snow Vorhes. Now I remember that I took some nerve medicine and powdered my nose. Of all the agreeably disappointing persons this man takes the fudge sundae, absolutely, whipped cream and all.

If he is a lion, he never roared once and the interview was so pleasant that I had a notion to do it over.

He told me that he was nineteen in March, that he has always lived in Indianapolis, and that he is brother of Clair Stevens, widely known as "Tubby." From someone who knows, I learned that he is a lover of music, his favorite song being, "On the Banks of the Wabash."

Happily I went my way to find Ye Ed, Miss Lucile Sullivan.

Now I wouldn't want Lucile to know I said this about her, but she is all the time wrong about something that I'm right about. So when she said, without even looking at my valuable manuscript, let alone complimenting me, that I must go to Africa, I just looked at her; then I looked at the map, then at her again.

I said, "No, I refuse to go to Africa. I've done a good many things for you, but I do not care to lose myself in a jungle where a cute little leopard in a playful mood would find me under a cocoanut tree."

"All right, you're discharged," said she, "for not knowing that Africa is a person, not a place."

Editors know everything, but they shouldn't expect everybody else to. How could I know as I afterward found, that Elmer Africa was a perfectly likable person with a perfectly good Packard.

I now realized that I would have no excuse for interviewing Vallorous McLeay, the one I had heard called "The Gladiator."

Then there was Harry or Mickey Escol. He is different, so they say, and I always did like a person who is unlike the average, common-place, everyday person.

I had saved the handsome Michenor 'till the last. Of all people, I didn't want to miss meeting this center.

I gave Lucile a side glance, but her mouth was set in an uncompromising line. Then I looked about for my erstwhile girl friends. I wanted somebody's shoulder to cry on, but they all turned coldly away.

Here I realized that I had sacrificed all through my various meetings with various men.

"All for the Annual," I thought, and felt much like the martyr of yе olden times.

At that I could not blame myself. How, I ask you, could I help it, because those girls weren't wise enough to hide behind Annual copy as a means of meeting our team. Team, who? Team, team, team!

HELEN BROWN, '20.

Abram C Shortridge



HE essential qualifications of a successful pioneer educator, are sympathy, intelligence, and courage. The educational wreckage existing in Indianapolis in 1863, demanded a man with sympathy enough to feel the educational needs of the community, with intelligence enough to formulate an educational system that would endure, and with courage enough to put that system into motion and keep it in motion. Such a man was found in Abram C. Shortridge, who was elected superintendent of the Indianapolis Public Schools in the summer of 1863.

Mr. Shortridge's first step was to provide the schools with well trained teachers. Accordingly, he dismissed those who were keeping school instead of teaching school and employed graduates of the Oswego Normal School. Later he established the Indianapolis Normal School, which, for more than fifty years, has trained the majority of the teachers now and for many years employed in our public schools. To encourage boys and girls to continue in school, he established the Indianapolis High School, now Shortridge, as a goal to be reached by passing through the graded school and as a direct path from the graded school to the state university. Through his efforts and influence, what is now known as the Indianapolis Library became affiliated with the schools and was made open to the general public. To the enjoyment and benefit of any and all of these institutions, there was but one requirement—mental ability; for Mr. Shortridge did not believe in an aristocracy of intellect, and he recognized no religion, race, sex, or social position in education. His was the common school—the school for all—not one kind of education for the masses and another kind for the classes. Such was the character of his work and such energy and impetus did he impart to it, that, after more than half a century, every institution that he founded still endures. And the present high reputation of the Indianapolis Public Schools is due in the largest degree to the wisdom and untiring energy of their founder, Abram C. Shortridge.

LAURA A. DONNAN.

Miss Edith Hughes



AS the year goes on, we realize, more and more, how great a vacancy has been left in the life of Shortridge and in our hearts, by the death of Miss Edith Hughes. Again and again there comes to us, evidence of a part she took, silently, in many of the activities of our institution. We are now only finding out how completely her life centered in Shortridge, how faithfully she supported its traditions, and how large a part she contributed to its spirit. Her memory will continue to be cherished in the hearts of many of her pupils and fellow-teachers.

She was a fine example of devotion and loyalty, both to her work and to her family and to her friends. As a teacher, she expected the best that her students could give, and in return was untiring in the help and encouragement offered to all who would accept it. As a student she was able, enthusiastic, and per-

Miss Edith Hughes

sistent. In the home she was depended upon for advice and assistance. Away from home, she never failed in those thoughtful remembrances that are always cherished. During all her stay in Indianapolis, Miss Hughes never failed to send some message home each day.

We now know that her last year in Shortridge, was spent under the cloud of very bad health, but her most intimate friends among us were entirely unaware of its seriousness. She bore her illness with wonderful fortitude, never admitting that she saw death as a possible conclusion.

Miss Hughes was a graduate of Alexandria High School and Indiana University, and had done graduate work in the University of Chicago. She had been teaching in the Indianapolis schools since 1910, having come to Shortridge in 1913. She was alert, deeply interested in the affairs of life, and had clear cut and well formed opinions upon them.

All who knew her well admire her deeply, and each relationship furnishes further evidence of her fineness of character and genuineness of heart.

WALTER S. GINGERY.

James C Weyant

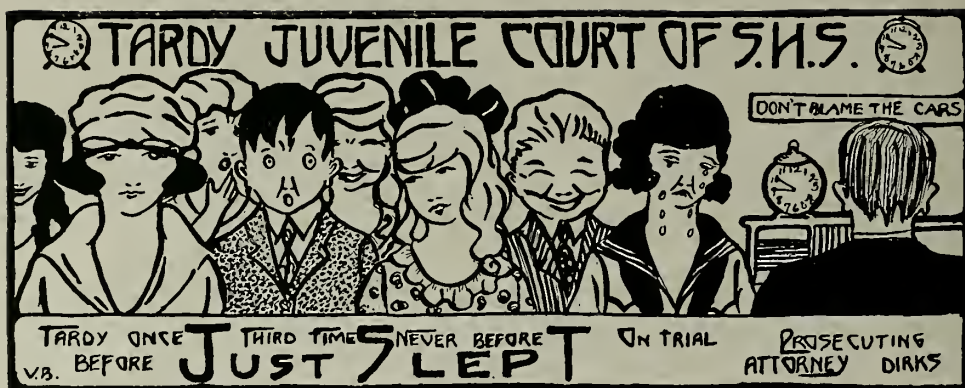


O thee whose earthly house of clay, too frail,
Has ceased to house thy active spirit fair;
To thee whose tireless energy didst dare
To tread in useful service many a trail
As holy as the quest for Holy Grail,
Though racked with pain and burdened with the care
Of father, teacher, leader, master rare,
Enough to cause a weaker soul to quail,
To thee we bring our tribute meet of praise;

* * * * *

Viewed from whatever side, James E. Weyant stood the test. As a teacher, he was a poet-scientist, a courteous, scholarly gentleman with high standards, broad in his sympathy and culture; as a co-worker, he was helpful and considerate, never thinking of himself first, giving much and asking little; as a citizen, he was inspired and guided by lofty American ideals; as a man, he realized the constant struggle that must go on to give equal opportunity to all. Possessing as he did, the scientist's desire to know the truth and the poet's prevision to see the truth, Mr. Weyant's decision on any subject was seldom in error. His passing means a loss to the teachers of Shortridge, of a rare friend; to the students, of a faithful guide; and to the school, of a noble example of its best traditions.

THE SHORTRIDGE FACULTY, June 1919.



T his desk sat Mr. Dirks,
 His face all twisted up in quirks.
 He listened to the tardy tale
 Of all who the late hour bewail.

Of cars that are forever late;
 Of stomachs in an awful state;
 Of tires bad and blow-outs, too;
 And engine troubles not a few.

Of mothers who are now quite sick;
 Of clocks that played an awful trick;
 Of hair that must, just must, be combed;
 And pocketbooks that always roamed.

Of books and pencils out of place;
 Of boot that just refused to lace.
 When tales like these were at their height,
 Along came one in a great fright,

And said she had just overslept.
 Good Mr. Dirks then nearly wept.
 Excuse so true he'd never heard;
 He passed her on without a word.

—THELMA STOCKMAN.





⌞ The Gift Of Light ⌞



WAS morning, glorious morning in the spring. The air was filled with a witching fragrance, coming, it seemed, from the fresh, emerald gown of Mother Earth, or from the new-turned sod of the kitchen-gardens, or from the flowing tresses of the bridal wreath. The call of the robin was final. I came from my place in the doorway, out into the air and breathed deep of the glory of it all. About me was a heaven of color, song, and fragrance, each lending itself to the joy of the earth. The bluebird and the robin were calling to each other—chattering over their nest-building. Jenny Wren in her kitchen was singing, vieing with Jenny Lind in melody and volume. And somewhere, 'round the corner, a child was crooning over her dolly. The garden was in its glory; veranda and walk were lined with a sweeping waterfall of snowy bridal wreath, and at one corner a rambler rose climbed in budding beauty about a pillar. Arbor vitae, tree of life, stretched forth new fan-like leaves of brightest green, and the little Holland spruces, in defiance, bristled out in an hundred blue bottle-brushes. Never was the old earth so beautiful. Man was indeed blest to live in such a domicile.

As I stood there watching the birds flit to and fro, drinking in the fullness of the beauty about me, I heard the monotonous tap, tap, tap of his cane.

"Just what we need—a broom! I'm so glad you came today!"

A smile—the queer, quizzical smile of the blind—crept over his features.

"The birds—they're busy this morning. Must be nesting."

"Yes, the birds are nesting—all just as busy as can be! And oh, the world is wonderfully beautiful this morning. You are standing in the midst of a shower of bloom! The bridal wreath falls all about you in long, white, airy fronds, and the Japanese crab is one mass of pink, rose-like blossoms. The evergreens are alive with new growth; the hedge is

⌞The Gift Of Light⌞

one long ribbon of palest green; the ramblers are a profusion of pink-tipped buds, and the Shasta daisies have thrust their pretty faces through the bars of the trellis at your feet! See!" Impulsively I grasped his hand. The awe-stricken blind man knelt and stroked the upturned petals, pearl-white in the morning dew, with trembling affection. A queer look, most pathetic in its lines, portraying gladness and a yearning for something that was not, crept over his face. The silence that followed was unbearable.

—"And the sky is blue, clear blue," I rushed on, "and the birds are singing, and the air is sweet with the fragrance of flowers!"

Still that silence. Slowly, unwillingly, he arose, and sighed deeply. Then in measured tone he began:

"It's been twenty-six years since I lost my sight—twenty-six years. A chip of stone from my chisel splintered my eye. They didn't know much about eye surgery in those days, and 'twasn't long before the other one was gone. I remember when they first paved our streets—I used to wonder what they were like. They told me that they were like long white ribbons; I actually got down and touched them. I used to think the streets of heaven were like that—long, white ribbons."

He sighed, relieved at having finished his little say, and his face fell once more into that mask—that stony, sunken, lifeless mask of the sightless. I made my purchase hastily, and ere long I again heard the monotonous tap, tap, tap of his cane.

Twenty-six years! Twenty-six long hard years of darkness, impenetrable, enshrouding darkness! I shut my eyes and try to imagine the feeling—the fear, the horror, the endurance, the blank finality of it all—and the sensation becomes so vivid, so horrifying that I open my eyes quickly in terror lest it be really so.

"I used to think the streets of heaven were like that—long, white ribbons." Are they? Are the streets of heaven like the foot-paths of earth? Are the walks of the eternal life like the walks of the life here below? Are they? Man holds so much in his hand that he does not appreciate, so much that he does not love, so much that he does not see. We are granted friends, and we turn against them; we are granted homely blessings, and we spurn them; we are granted the beauties of the earth, mountains and brooks, forests and fields, and the animal life that throbs about us, and we shun them for the artificial baubles of our own creation. Oh! that we had the eyes of the blind that we might see!

DOROTHY E. McCULLOUGH, '21.



A Fancy



UNDER the old maple I love to lie,
And see the cloud ships go sailing by,—
Fancy's boats are they,
Riding the blue and hazy way.
Some hold memories of a by-gone time,
Others, dreams of a country strange;
And ever o'er the blue sea they float,
Those lovely, misty fairy boats.
Then in fancy do I ride
The snowy boats as on they glide
Through mystic seas of blue;
Past mountains lone and hoary,
All bathed in sunset's glory.
Great castles, too, are there,
Where dwells the knight and lady fair.
And in a palace of coral pink,
Dwells the Faery Queen, I think.
While out at sea, the mermaid lass
Brushes and combs before a glass.
Far, far, where the sea gulls wing,
The dainty faeries dance and sing.
Yet while I joy in their revels gay,
This lovely scene fades quite away,
And I find myself, a dreamy lass,
Lying on the soft green grass.

ELIZABETH WOLF, '23.





The Leap Year Maid



HERE are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going 'a-courting,' sir," she said.

"Why do you do that, my pretty maid?"

"It's Leap Year, sir," she truthfully said.

"Oh, what is your fortune, sir?" she said.

"A pound of sugar, my pretty maid."

"O sir, will you marry me now?" she said.

"It's my sugar you want, my tricky maid."

"O no, sir, it is you, sir, I want," she said:

"You're very clever, my pretty maid."

"Then you will marry me, sir?" she said.

"There's nothing doing, my pretty maid."

"Why pick on me, my pretty maid?"

"You are my last chance, sir," she said.

"I'm very sorry, my pretty maid."

"I think I'm lucky, sir!" she said.

HELEN NICHOLSON, '20.





Thro The Dusk



HE lazy spring breeze, cool with the evening dews, puffed out the dusty curtains of the art room windows. The western sun slanted a mellow ray through the blue dusk of the room, tipping with gold the thin, angled nose of a skull. The practicing baseball team in the schoolyard had thinned to two or three noisy voices. Still the boy worked half-heartedly over the unfinished drawing of the skull. Aimlessly he lengthened the jaws, heightened the cheek bones, deepened the eye pits.

Funny, he thought, how eyes once looked out from those empty spaces, and red lips laughed over those yellow teeth. He wished he were dead. His thoughts wandered over the day's grievances. Up in the morning at five, passing papers, firing furnaces, running errands, and so on. No time with the fellows, no time for baseball—just work. What was the use of going to school—of living?

Was it imagination, or were eyes gazing at him from those empty sockets? Just a shadow. Queer, anyway, how it made him think of that boy across the fence. He'd often wondered about that boy who had had everything, and yet had died. Didn't seem quite right. Why once he'd loaned him his pup to hold for an hour in exchange for a dime. Queer kid, cooped up in a garden of flowers, always peeping through a broken slat into the alley. Had a governess, too, hanging after him. They'd envied him his pony and cart, though. Then he had come no more, and his mother had walked in the garden and cried.

Why, yes, those eyes were brown and sad, too. The lips had parted in a queer little twisted smile. Was it the boy behind the fence? Responsively, he smiled back. The boy was speaking.

"Hello! you do remember me, don't you? I've tried to speak, but I can't make folks hear—only when they're in a listening mood. A fellow gets lonesome hovering about the door, waiting to be noticed and remembered. So you wish you were dead?

"You have the one great prize—Life! Everything is before you; I had scarcely begun to live when the door was shut in my face. Why, the world's in the hollow of your hand. Work, boy, so that when the door



Thro The Dusk



of life is shut on you, you'll have something to show! Live boy; plunge deep into life! Look at God's sun and be glad. Drench your face in the dewy grass, and be thankful you can feel it. Go out into the world bravely. Fear—doubt—worry—suffer! That is life. Not to fear and suffer is oblivion. Smile! Things will clear up after a while. Put your best into life, and the best will come back to you.

"Let me tell you a secret. Lean close—closer—"

The lad leaned forward eagerly, straining until his eardrums seemed to burst in an effort to catch the last low word. He must hear the secret. Nothing else mattered. The faint whisper reached him disconnectedly. "Love all things—work—" The voice trailed off into silence.

But the boy, as he groped his way to the door, through the dark room seemed to know that the last, unheard words were "Be glad."

PAUL McMULLEN, '20.

The Gateway of the Silent City



H, door to mother nature's secret hold!

Oh, entrance to a land of peace and dreams!

In beauty now you stand as work of old,

A masterpiece of artists' glorious schemes;

And we admire in awe, your arch which seems

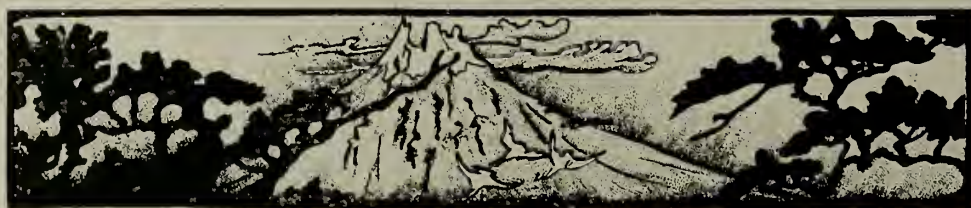
To be the guardian of those who rest

And sleep in lands more wonderful than dreams.

Your gates of steel, your arch of marble's best

In splendor, now and ever wait to greet the guest.

JOSEPHINE BALZ, '20.





The Room Of Terror



AS we ascended the last few creaking old steps, and turned into what seemed, in the faint, flickering light which our candles afforded, to be a long hall, we experienced a sensation which I do not hesitate to define as fear, though my bold companion would term it excitement.

We were approaching the room—the room where it had happened, and we were coming there in a darkness only scarcely lessened by our feeble candle flames. With slow steps we made our way down the shadow-haunted hall, and our footsteps resounded throughout the old structure with an effect most terrifying to me and—I am sure—in a not much lesser degree to my friend.

Dust lay deep upon the floor, and musty cobwebs covered the low-raftered ceiling of the hall-way. At length my companion, who was just ahead of me, half-halted, and, after taking one or two more fearsome steps, stopped. As I joined him, I could see the door, and, in that pale, yellow, sickening light, my memory recalled all the unfortunate circumstances connected with the last time that door was allowed to swing on those massive, rusty hinges, supporting it.

Over a score of years had elapsed, and now, as I once more stood before the entrance to that room, with the same companion as on the last occasion, it seemed to me that I was enduring all the horrid torture which my soul suffered when last I had occupied that terrible position.

Neither of us said a word. Reaching into my pocket, I drew forth, with trembling hand, a huge key. As I held it out toward my friend, it slipped from my fingers and fell with a crash upon the marble-paved floor. The echoing and re-echoing of its sound continued for several awful moments. It lay hidden in the dust. Groping with cold fingers in the dirt, I regained that hated key, and, putting it, none too steadily, into the great key-hole, I turned the ancient lock.

What a screeching and creaking and groaning! I shook in fear. The lock turned, and the door stood ready to open. Then would I have turned

The Room Of Terror

back, fled in terror, left the place even, and hidden, cringing as before, in the shadows of a foreign land. But no—my partner would go on.

He grasped the corroded, mildewed knob, and pulled. In our curiosity to peep once more, a curiosity which I own we both felt in spite of terrible fear, we held our candles near the edge of the door where the opening must come. A cry of the hinges, a gust of musty wind, and the candles were extinguished. We stood in petrified horror before the open doorway.

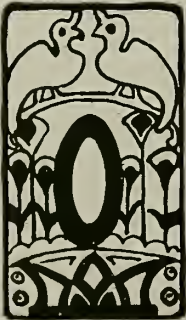
Moonbeams cast a faint, ghostly glimmer over the floor. My associate stepped into the room, and both of us groped for matches in our pockets. He found one, and reaching for the wall, he lighted it. It flared.

A table stood in the center of the room—a massive, oaken table covered with papers now nearly hidden under the dust of two decades. The ceiling was very low, and from it hung a huge, old-fashioned chandelier. My eyes next fell upon the wide, old fireplace. As I viewed each portion of the room, my recollections grew in distinctness. I was, as was also my partner, held by the fascination of seeing once more the old, familiar scenes. We both were prevented, for a moment, from recalling the fearfulness of our last visit there.

And then—our eyes, at the same instant, fell upon a dreadful, all-too-familiar object, gray and ghastly, lying on the floor in the deep shadows behind the great table. At that identical moment, the match (we had entirely forgotten to light our candles) burned down to my friend's fingers and died out.

(To be continued in the next issue—The 1921 Annual.)

Ode To The Desert



DESERT, with your burning sands,
O desert, made by unseen hands,
Where is your charm, forever sought?

Is it the reach of your domain
That stretches far beyond the plain,
Or barren trail of Arab kings,
That sudden thought of splendor brings?

Or is it by the mighty mood
Of your mysterious solitude,
The miracle of peace is wrought?

Your ever glowing sun sinks low,
And sheds o'er earth a golden glow
That turns your sands to living gold,
A tale eternally retold.

PAUL McMULLEN, '20.



The Alien

Time: Present.

Place: Foreign quarter in large American city.

Characters: The Alien.

The Customer.

The Passersby.

(The scene is laid in the streets of a large American city, before a small fruit stand operated by a foreign woman. She is of middle age, and in spite of her years in America, clings in a marked degree to her native dress. Her every action is that of a tired wayfarer, who has felt the thorns and stones on the road of life. The customer, an ordinary type of American man enters.)

Alien: (As customer saunters by) Buy-a my fruit, meestaire, buy-a my fruit!

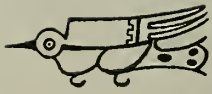
Customer: (After a survey of her wares) This orange will do nicely. Just one, thank you. Only to appease a growing hunger, and a life-long liking for oranges. (As the woman is making change) How long have you been in America?

Alien: Me? Near eight-a year.

Customer: Oh, then you've been here long enough to become a thorough American.

Alien: No, I-a not American. My love, eet stay-a with my native land. I talk-a like-a you; I eat-a like-a you; I sleep-a like-a you; but I not like-a you. You, you Americans, tell-a me alway, I not-a like-a you. You treat-a me as—as wood, like-a I cannot feel. They tell-a me in my home over there, "Go-a to America, land of-a the free, where-a no one is bettaire than another, where all-a men are—are—oh, what-a you say?—equal." So I spend-a all-a da money to come-a to dees America, and from-a da boat I seet a great-a statue, and they tell-a me I am free.

Free! Free! Free to go-a about in a great-a city that choke-a me with dirt; free-a to be col' and-a hungry in winter, and hot and-a seck in summer; free-a to stan' all-a day behind-a dees stan'; free-a to take-a any talk from dose-a who buy; free-a to be, with all-a who come-a from afar, the scum and dirt to you-a Americans. Oh, Italia mia, my land-a of sunshine! You hate-a us, and we—we hate-a you. You have-a no kindness in your hearts. You say-a you teach us to love-a your flag, but-a you cannot teach us by books. You mus' teach us by kindness. First-a *you* mus' learn-a how to be kind.



The Alien



Customer: Let us watch the passersby for a moment. (A wrinkled old Alien woman enters, carrying a large basket filled with bundles. She stumbles and spills her load. While she is trying to collect her scattered parcels, an aristocratic American lady enters, brushes past her, kicks one parcel out of her way, and exits.)

Alien: See! There your American. You all like-a dat.

Customer: But look again.

(Young American woman enters, smiles a cheery good morning at the old foreigner, helps her to pick up her packages, and starts her on her way again. Both exit.)

(A well-dressed American business man enters, leading a blind, old shoe string vender across the street.)

Customer: That is one of the city's busiest and most prominent business men. He never leaves his office during the day except on urgent business; yet he has time to help that old, blind fellow across the street. (Enter a man and wife, who seem American in dress, yet bear the distinctive features of foreign birth.)

Customer: Those persons came here from Italy fifteen years ago. They accepted America, and America has accepted them. They are today in very comfortable circumstances as the owners of a chain of grocery stores. And they, too, started with a fruit stand. (A foreign girl enters, struggling under the load of a crate of fruit. Enter a young American, who relieves her of her load and carries it to the Alien's stand. Both exit.)

(Enter a foreign woman, selling flowers. Two ragged little children cling to her dress. An American woman enters and purchases some flowers. The foreign woman hands her the change, but she presses it back into her hand.)

American Lady: For the little ones. (Exeunt)

Customer: (Turning to the alien.) Are *all* Americans unkind?

Alien: (Who has turned away to dry a tear which has sprung to her eye.) I have today see something I have nevair see before. I feel-a someting new within me. I not understan', but I feel-a I have-a not found kindness—because I nevaire look for eet.

Customer: Exactly. You must come half way; you cannot expect Americans to do it all. To be sure, there is some unkindness, but surely you have seen today that it is far outweighed by kindness and a desire to help the other fellow rather than to run him down. That is what Americanism is.

Alien: I believe. It ees-a my soul have been dead, an' you have-a brought eet to life by what you have-a show me today. I tank-a you, Meestaire American. The two from my Italia, they come-a half way, as you say. I understan'. I almos' believe—I can find-a happiness—now.

Customer: Happiness and peace. It is my fervent hope that you may. And remember that this Americanism is a glorious ideal, and the greatest thing in that ideal is a firm belief in and a desire to uplift our fellowman, regardless of the land of his birth, regardless of race, creed, or color. We offer that Americanism to you. Will you accept it?

Alien: With all-a my heart, I do.

(Curtain)

LUCILE SULLIVAN, '20.

Religion Of Japan



BUDDHISM has the greatest throng in Japan. It came to the Empire from China in the very early period, spreading its way without difficulty with Korean and Chinese literature, art, and civilization. Its philosophy is a dreamy idealism. It cares nothing for logic and practical but is mystical and philosophical. All the rivers run into the seas. They never come back yet the sea is not full. Our lives are very short compare with the duration of millions of years. All things are filled of weariness. Man can not utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. Then how shall our desires be satisfied

since all thing passes away and not only in this world but in that which is to come? The only way to cease evil fears, is to worship the Buddha. Buddha himself can not bestow it, but can only point out the way. Men must save themselves by the noble eightfold path—right doctrine, right purpose, right tasks, right action, right living, right exertions, right memory, right meditation.

—KIYOSHI KICHISHIRO TAKAKU.

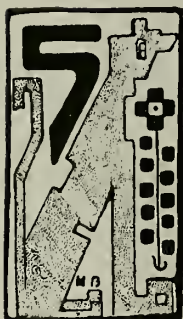
“The mist of cheery-trees in spring—
Ships sleeping on some bright lagoon—
A swallow’s dusky sweeping wing—
Steep Ishiyama’s autumn moon—
The changing marvels of faint rain—
The foam that hides the torrent’s stream—
The eagle o’er the snowy plain—
Sea-twilights haunted as a dream.”







General Athletics



SHORTRIDGE athletics prospered more during the season of 1919-1920 than for several years previous. Although no important championships were won, all forms of athletics received excellent support.

The enthusiasm for basket ball was demonstrated when all attendance records were broken by a crowd of over twelve hundred at the Franklin game, and when three special cars were required to transport the legions of Shortridge rooters to the never-to-be-forgotten Martinsville contest. A Basket Ball Extra which was issued by the Echo just before the final game of the sectional tournament was another departure from the usual rule.

Five minor sport tournaments were run off during the year. Mr. Rice, in charge of the fall golf tournament broke the ice. G. Griffith and W. Mitchell won the series, but lost out in the city high school meet. J. Sagalowsky carried off first honors in the fall tennis singles and combining with Dixon, also copped the doubles. C. Coen walked away with the spring golf tourney. At the present writing the spring net king has not yet been decided. Among other victories, the Blue and White twice defeated Tech in the pin sports.

Early in the fall semester, Coach Tatlock called a basket ball mass meeting in the study hall. The attendance was very large. At this time, the intra-mural color league was organized. W. Moll, H. Metcalf, H. Taylor, H. Escol, F. Stevens, H. Vorhes, E. Fillion and L. Michenor were chosen captains by Tatlock, and these men, in turn chose their teams. Fillion's squad brought home the bacon with a per cent of .750. Tech won the City High School basket ball league which followed after Shortridge led the field for several weeks. Four teams represented Shortridge in this race: Blues under Mr. Rouch; Whites, Mr. Crockett; Meteors, Mr. Clements; and the Comets under Mr. Watson.

The athletic board met on alternate Tuesday mornings at 7:30 throughout the year. Mr. Reuter, Mrs. Steichmann, Mr. Roache, and Miss Donnan were elected by the student body as the faculty members. The student members were: Elizabeth Wales, Leunice Horn, Jack Koster, Harold Cash and Edward Fillion. Mr. Tatlock was president; Edward Fillion, vice-president; Leunice Horn, secretary; and Miss Donnan, treasurer.



THE old tradition that Shortridge shall not be led still holding good, the little mock army of the school has carried on with honors. Although it has been in existence for less than a year, it ranks among the best in the Central West. Sergt. Frazer, a regular army man, has been in charge throughout the year and he has pushed it on through all the junior tactics very successfully. The outfit now consists of two battalions and commanded by three majors, Kelly, Bastain, and Hunter. On a recent inspection by the Division Commander the Shortridge Battalions were highly commended.



THE Junior Class is no exception to the preceding classes; it is just as good as ever and perhaps a little better. The class elections started the class off with a grand push. Horace Prunk was elected president, Claudia Weyant, vice-president, Eleanor Mueller, secretary and Thomas Evans, treasurer. The yell leader was Bailey Fessler. As a class motto, "Aim high and achieve the impossible" was selected, the flower, Killarney rose and the colors, orchid and white. The Junior prom was a financial success, and a social success as well. The Junior-Senior reception was one of the best ever given.



THE Shortridge State Club was organized this year to promote school spirit among the pupils, and to bring the Freshmen together for jolly times. Mrs. Thompson and Miss Smith are the censors. The present officers include Governor, Margaret Waters, Lieutenant-Governor, Frances Westcott, and Secretary, Clifford Heidenreich. The work of the Freshman State Club has been divided into eight departments, Recreation, Patriotism and School Spirit, Ethics, Vocation, Education, Fine Arts, Health and Hygiene, and Social.



THE Story Tellers Club started off successfully last September with Miss O'Hair as its censor and Arthur Loag as president. The club carried on its usual interesting course, the study of classic Greek and Roman myths with suitable music on the Victrola. The party, held in the gymnasium was well attended and greatly enjoyed. The largest undertaking of the club was two plays, "Orpheus and Euridice," and "Icarus and Daedalus." The plays were written by club members and the cast was composed entirely of Story Tellers.



WFUL is the only word which truly describes the past Blue and White track season. The year was wound up without a single victory to our credit. It seems that the wonderful basket ball season sapped all of the school's enthusiasm for athletics, and thus track received but meagre support. Lotick was the only Shortridge man to place in the sectional tournament. Tech won and Manual came in second, but a week later Manual won the state meet. Kilgore was high point man for the season. In the interclass meet at Willard Park on May 24, the juniors won with 58 points against 21 for the underclass men and 19 for the seniors.

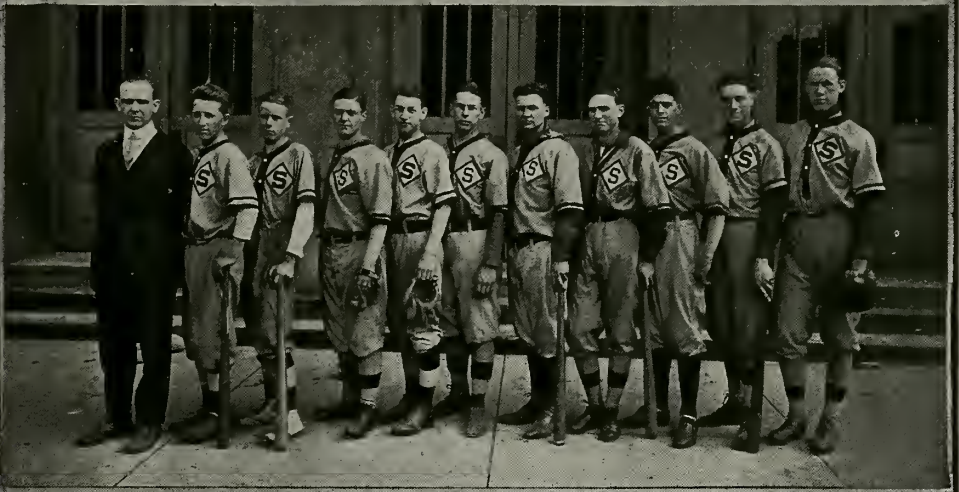


VERY Shortridger knows of the great success of this year's baseball season. Of the six games played at the present writing, four have been won, and of this number Manual has been defeated twice, Newcastle, once, and the Paulist choir of New York City once. Myron W. Tatlock was manager of the nine and Caldwell, Adkins, Vorhes, Escol, T. Smith, K. Smith, Michenor, Riley, Richards, Ferris, and Dixon formed the team.



SPLENDID basket ball season was closed when the Shortridge squad went to the finals of the sectional tournament, only to be defeated there by Tech. During the year, Shortridge won 21 of her 36 games. Among those who fell before the Blue and White was Bloomington, then state champs. Three out of four scraps were put on ice on the Christmas vacation barnstorming tour. In the sectional at Tomlinson Hall, we downed Southport, 29-2; Oaklandon, 35-22; Broad-Ripple, 13-10, but were put out by Tech in the finals, 27-16. The score of this game was tied three minutes before the final gun.

From the fifty Color League players, Coach Tatlock combed out a state squad consisting of F. Stevens, H. Escol, L. Michenor, H. Caldwell, L. Riley, V. McLeay, M. Thomson and E. Africa. H. Vorhes was put out of running just before the sectional by a technicality in the eligibility rules.

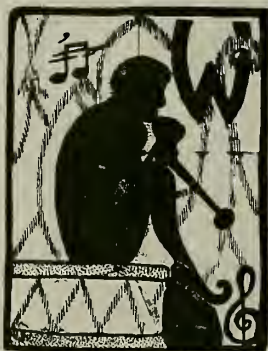




OCKEY, volley ball and tennis were three sports greatly enjoyed by those girls who participated in them. The fall tennis championship fell to Lavina Fisher. She defeated the runner-up, Miriam Fay, who showed good form for one inexperienced in high school tournaments, 6-0, 6-0, in hard-fought games. The monogram volley-ball team, Ruth Bemis, captain, took the championship from Lavina Fisher's team after an exciting contest. Those girls who showed the most consistent playing in hockey were: Frances Evans, Wanda Farr and Dorothy Dell.

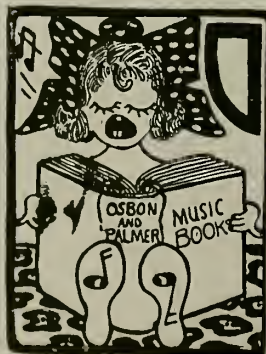


ASKET BALL has been one of the most important sports, during the year, among the girls as well as among the boys. A large per cent of the girls turned out for the inter-scholastic play. The girls' "All-Star Team," composed of Ruth Bemis, captain, Dorothy Troutman, Lavina Fisher, Lucy Caldwell, Edith Jenkins, Mafalda Martin, Frances Evans, Mary Watson, Wanda Farr, and Harriett Day, won one of two games from Tech, were victors of the game with the Y. W. C. A., and captured one of the two with the Normal College.



ITH its usual success, the music department has maintained an excellent orchestra this year. The membership numbers fifty-one players, and under the direction of Mr. B. P. Osbon has reached a high degree of perfection. The orchestra has played in numerous programs in the auditorium. Arnold Davis is the concert master.

The band has also increased in number and ability under the direction of Mr. C. E. Palmer, and has played in four programs during the year. Walter Forsell is the assistant band master, and Russell MacFall is sergeant trumpeter.



NE of our most important musical organizations is the Girls' Glee Club, which is most skillfully directed by Mr. C. E. Palmer. Sixty girls sing two-part and three-part songs. During the year the club has sung many songs and one cantata in the auditorium. The cantata "The Walrus and the Carpenter" by Fletcher, given as an auditorium exercise was very much enjoyed. The Boys' Glee Club is a new organization at Shortridge. It has made splendid progress during the year. It now numbers eighteen boys, who sing in real college Glee Club style.





NO organization that has some of the most interesting features of all the organizations is the Senate. The past year has been one of the most successful in the history of the club. Among the bills that caused a great deal of discussion were the League of Nations, and the bill providing for the annexation of the Philippines. At all times the discussions were lively and interesting. The Senate trial, the Newbury case, was held late in the year, and it presented some most interesting features. Miss Donnan has been, as always, the inspiring club sponsor.



MEMBERS of the Press Club, which numbered about 82, were largely responsible for the success of the 1919 Christmas Echo, and also for the standard maintained by the Daily Echo. Several interesting talks were given during the year, and on one occasion the mechanical departments of the News were visited. The club officers were: John Collett, President; Helen Nicholson, Vice-President; and Edwin Hurd, Secretary.



THE Therapon Club is an honor club. Only girls whose scholarship is high can enter. The other aims of the club are: to uphold the Shortridge standards, to do all in their power to better the school by action or suggestion, and to aid the freshman girls, or students from out of town, to become acquainted. Under the guidance of Mrs. Carey, club censor, and Mary Elizabeth Sutherland, president, the Therapon club carried on its usual work. Two parties were given, one in the fall, the other early this spring, to aid the incoming girls to become acquainted.



FICTION with a capital F, is the aim of the Fiction Club. Miss Shields, who is experienced along literary lines, is the sponsor of the club, and Lucile Sullivan is president. Throughout the year a number of extremely original short stories of the members have been read and commented on, thus giving opportunity for helpful criticism. Magazine stories have also been read and reported, giving the members opportunity to observe good style. The Fiction Club has had a most interesting year; all the members have done good work. The club is open to those whose ambitions and aims are literary.



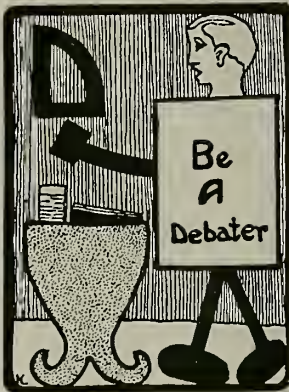


HORTRIDGE is boasting an "A. E. F. Club" this year. This organization is formed of Shortridge students who saw service overseas in the army and navy. The members are as follows: Hale Brown, Max Wright, Robert Hall, Rowland Nichols, Horace Prunk, Paul McMullin, Chas. Hasely, Paul Davis, Raymond York, Jack Hodgins, Everett White, Walter Miller, and Major Harrison. This club was formed with the idea in view to sustain the patriotic feeling that was prevalent during the war. Two service men not included in the picture are John L. Sullivan and J. Walter Wingate.

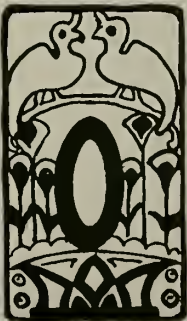


HEN the government lifted the ban on amateur wireless sets, the Shortridge dot-dash-dot lovers, at once procured a license, and reorganized a Wireless Club in Shortridge. The club has had Mr. David Crockett, as its censor; Edwin Hurd was chosen president. At the start of the new term, Richard Sargent took the office for the rest of the year.

The club offers good experience and practice to its members, as it carries on communication with Muncie, Lafayette, and Hamilton schools, and also with government posts.



EBATING in Shortridge this year was fostered by the fact that the greatest schedule in the history of school debating was carded. Debates were held with Steele, of Dayton; Boys' High of Louisville; and Walnut Hills of Cincinnati. The boys on the three teams were: McGavran, Stedfeldt, Jobes, Ferris, Griffith, Coons, Collett, Hurd, and Wade. John Ferris and Nelson Adams represented Shortridge in the discussion contest. The officers were: John Collett, President; John Ferris, Vice-President; Rudolph Haerle, Treasurer; and Karlyn Barrett, Secretary.



NE of the most interesting scientific clubs is the Physiography Club. It dates back a number of years and is both original and unique in its purpose and meetings. Once every two weeks out-of-doors meetings are held, usually consisting of a hike in or about the city. Common rock specimens have been studied. Alternating with the out-of-door meetings, are in-door meetings, at which experiments are tried, or lantern slides shown, or perhaps a talk given, explaining physiographic features. Miss Washburn is the censor; Clarence Campbell, president; Sarah Rothard, vice-president; Caroline Godley, secretary.





MATHEMATICIANS turned out in full force this year, as is shown by the fact that the club contained forty members,—its full quota. Walter G. Gingery, head of the math department, was club censor; Dorothy McCullough was president. During the year interesting talks were given on Magic Squares, Higher Degree of Quadratics, Mathematics of Aeronautics, Mathematics of Investment and Insurance, and Mathematical Recreations. The annual club outing closed one of the most successful years of the club's existence.



DRAMATIC talent is cultivated in the Junior Drama League, which was organized in November by Miss Flora Love. It aims to give a better appreciation of wholesome drama through instruction in the proper use of the voice and in the reading and production of plays. Two members were chosen for parts in a senior Drama League Christmas play and two for parts in the 1920 class play. The league will assist in presenting an episode of the Indianapolis Centennial celebration. The first year's membership numbers over fifty. John Ferris is president; Verda Bob Andrews, vice-president; Carroll Sipe, treasurer; and Catharine Dawson, secretary.



AS a means of discussing questions and problems in which girls are especially interested, the Girls' Discussion Hour was organized by a few interested girls and Mrs. Della Thompson. The meetings are held every Wednesday afternoon in the rest room, and every Shortridge girl is invited. Each meeting is led by a different girl, and at every meeting a hostess is appointed to greet the girls as they enter. The officers are: Katharine Lennox, president; Jeannette Nunamaker, vice-president; Eleanor King, secretary and Mrs. Thompson, sponsor.



DRAMA and comedy as combined in "The Merchant of Venice" has been the study of the Shakespearean Club this semester. It was revived this year from the old club which went by the same name. The object of the club was to become better acquainted with Shakespeare's works. The meetings are held every two weeks. The scenes of the play are read, the members of the club taking parts, and in part, acting out the scenes. Discussions are held and papers by club members are read. The officers are Brooks Blossom, president; Jeannette Nunamaker, vice-president; Verda Bob Andrews, secretary; and Walter Dithmer, treasurer. Miss Brayton is the censor of the club.



The Minutes of 1919-1920

September 8. School starts with Mr. Dirks assistant commander-in-chief. We're mighty glad to have you back with us again, Miss Marthens.

September 9. Class of '24 makes its appearance. Dignified members of class of '20 wonder if they were ever that small.

September 12. Friday's puts out a green Echo.

September 22. Booster week for the Echo starts.

September 24. "Flying Start in Basket Ball." How's that for a head? Sounds promising, eh Shortridge?

October 6. Eleven hundred subscriptions put the Echo on the map. We hear talk of a golf tournament.

October 8. Mr. A. C. Shortridge, for whom our school is named, dies.

October 9. Girls' tennis tournament begins.

October 14. Basket ball schedule announced.

October 20. Politics start humming in the Senior Class.

October 28. Lavina Fisher wins girls' tennis tournament.

October 29. First basket ball game of season. Shortridge 25, Fortville 19. Some score.

November 4. Seniors make Robert Hall president; Nellie Brewer, vice-president; Mildred Stockdale, secretary; Lucile Sullivan, Annual editor; Hillis Howie, treasurer, and Carol Laughner, yell leader. "Election is marked by due consideration and great wisdom."

November 5. A. C. Shortridge memorial exercises are conducted.

November 7. Annual staff announced.

November 11. Armistice Pageant given in evening. Echo scribes begin thinking of Christmas Echo copy. Three prizes are offered this year.

November 12. Shortridge is shocked by the death of Miss Edith Hughes.

December 3. Elizabeth Lockard wins Christmas Echo cover contest.

December 9. Junior list comes out. Scribes sharpen up their wits. Prizes are offered for Annual copy.

December 10. Miss Sullivan launches drive for reading matter for Sunnyside.

December 11. Thursday's mentions the important events to occur on December 17 and adds the "small and insignificant fact" that the world may come to an end.

December 12. Friday's gives us an "End of the World" Echo. Those final remarks and testimonies were great.

December 17. Class of '20 dedicates Annual to Mr. Eugene Mueller. Congratulations.

December 17. World doesn't come to an end, so Juniors elect Horace Prunk president and Claudia Weyant vice-president. Also, The Boys' Glee Club makes its appearance. 'Nother organization for us to "brag" about. Also we get our Christmas Echoes. Best ever.

January 5. Monday's starts off the New Year with a Blue Echo.

January 16. We have a birthday celebration. The Echo is fifty years young today.

January 23. Senior Prom.

January 28. Annual Prizes announced. Ed Hurd gets a Five for the best story, Bernice Hart for the best essay, Lisle Hunter for the best humor. "Oh well, we just went in for the experience."

January 29. Juniors and Seniors make out their own study slips.

February 5. Seniors secure Murat for May 6.

The Minutes of 1919-1920

February 10. We hear talk of "allies." Nothing serious—just a little bowling has started.

February 11. "Nothing But the Truth" is decided on. Sorry, Butler, but our telegram got there first.

February 13. Dr. W. E. Farmer talks on "Individuality in Americanism."

February 25. "I know not what course others may take, but as for me——" Senior play tryouts begin, as friends of tryouts testify. Mrs. Paulsen talks on "Mother Goose."

February 27. Almost time for the Sectional. Tickets sell like "hot cakes."

March 2. Senior play cast announced. Helen Ward and Karlynn Barrett take leading roles.

March 5. Sectional Tourney. Shortridge defeats Broad Ripple and gets in the finals but is defeated by Tech. Wasn't that some basket ball extra?

March 10. School honors team in auditorium. A good speech, Hank, er-a, we mean Captain Stevens.

March 16. "Aren't mine just perfectly awful?" Mr. Stone starts "snapping" the mighty Seniors.

March 18. Helen Pritchard and Marjory Von Staden come out first in the Music Memory Contest. Mr. Osbon tells Tech to keep banner clean, for Shortridge will win it next year.

March 24. Junior-Senior basket ball game. Score 44-34 in favor of Juniors.

March 26. Tuesday's did right when they "citated" the man who invented spring vacation.

April 8. "Fire! Fire! Shortridge burns to the ground! No more school this year!" Oh no—that's just rumor. We only have enough "conflagration" in the basement to get out the rest of the day.

April 9. John Ferris wins discussion contest and represents this district at Bloomington.

April 16. Seventy senators enjoy a "scrumptious" banquet.

April 23. Senate Trial begins.

April 28. Tickets for "Nothing But the Truth" go on sale. As a business manager, Harold Cash is all right.

May 3. "Luck of the Irish" is given at the Ohio under Shortridge management. Proceeds to go to our Armenian Relief Fund.

May 6. "Finest Senior Play that was ever given." "Now, truthfully Bob——"

May 13. John Collett is elected to represent the class at the Alumni meeting.

May 17. Annual drive begins. Drawings are made for boy's tennis tournament.

May 26. Wednesday's gives us a yellow Echo. Athletic awards are given in auditorium. Lawrence Michener receives the Osric Mills Watkins medal.

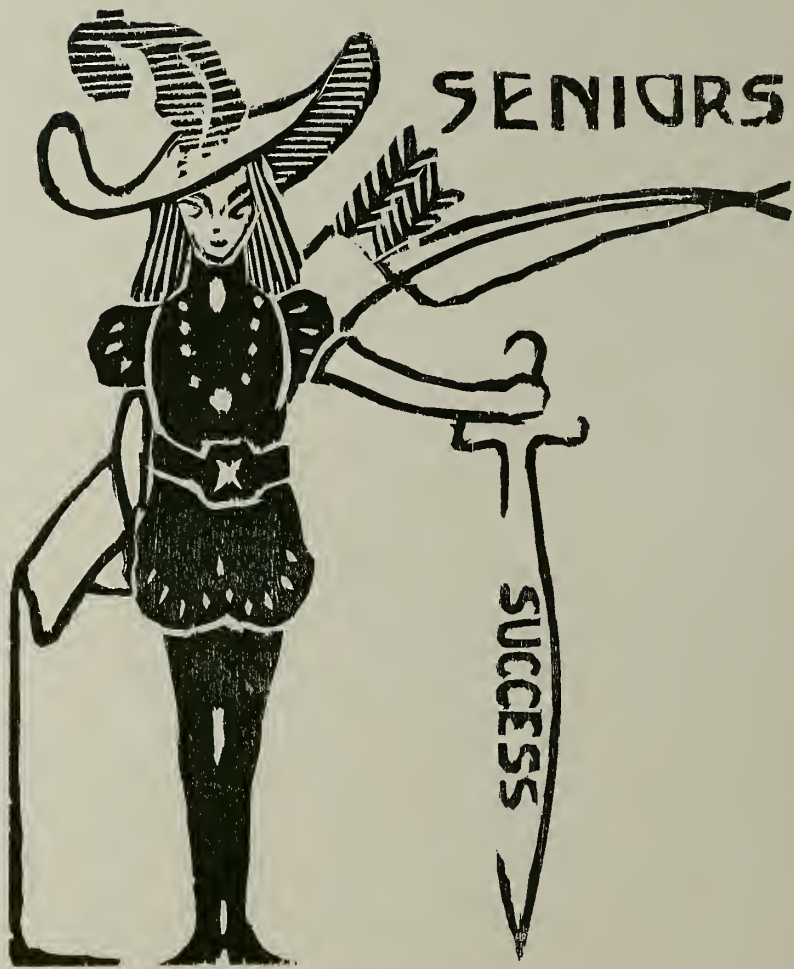
May 28. Teachers put out an Echo. Seniors get out.

May 30. Baccalaureate Sermon.

June 1. Class Day.

June 2. Junior-Senior Reception.

June 4. Graduation.







INTO the mighty Sea of Life,

Another ship doth pass,

A famous ship with trophies won,

The 1920 Class.

Class Poem



H, Shortridge, as we leave thy halls today,
Our hearts are sad and filled with love of thee.
Dear Alma Mater, thou hast given us
To drink thy cup of knowledge, and the draught
Hath breathed into our spirits all the hope
And faith and courage to pursue our ways
Along the mighty road that's known as Life.
Today we stand before a radiant gate
That opens into something strange and new,
We know not what, except that there beyond
Those portals lies that shining promise land
That men call Future. So it is for that
Thou hast prepared us, Shortridge, in the years
We've spent with thee. Well didst thou know the trials,
The sorrows and the joys that lie in wait
For each and all, and from thine own great heart
Thou gav'st to each a message all his own.
As one day fades beyond the western hills,
Wrapped in the robes of Night, ne'er to return,
And gives its place unto another day,
So doth our high school life thus fade away.
But on our hearts, our souls, there is engraved
A burning, loving memory of thee.
And though our paths may lead us far away,
We, children of thy love, will wander back
In memory to thee, and from our hearts,
Dear Shortridge, there will come a prayer for thee.

—LUCILE SULLIVAN.



Honor Roll



Dorothy Arndt	95.
Mildred Lucille Garns.....	94.677
Mary E. Armington.....	94.655
Lucile Sullivan	94.655
Helen Louise Hackleman.....	94.423
Mary W. Wall.....	94.162
Helen S. Moore.....	94.017
Alice Gertrude Rhoades.....	93.913
James F. Cooper.....	93.888
Helen V. Nicholson.....	93.888
Marie Sangernebo	93.583
Elsie Margaret Brandt.....	93.461
Lucile Stokes	93.125
Nell Taylor	93.103
Mary Elizabeth Sutherland.....	93.077
Helen Kistler	93.068
Elizabeth Ann Patterson.....	92.916
Juanita Dixon	92.842
Douglas V. Cook.....	92.592
Lillian J. Martin.....	92.380
Marian Louise Booth.....	92.272
Florence W. Lupton.....	91.851
Anne Moorehead	91.851
Ralph Boggs	91.785
Dorothy Rudy	91.730
Dorothy Gertrude Daugherty.....	91.666
Mary Stokes	91.4
Elizabeth Gore Thomson.....	91.4
Ruth S. Poehner.....	91.296
Annette Josephine Thomson.....	91.2
Josephine E. Balz.....	91.111
Mary Frances Graney.....	90.925
Helen Brown	90.769
Nellie Brewer	90.740
Helen Louise Meyers.....	90.576
John P. Collett.....	90.434
Dorothy Schwenk	90.416
Agnes E. Roberts.....	90.192
Harold Cash	90.



The Class Play



THE presentation of the 1920 Senior Class Play, "Nothing But the Truth," proved to be, financially, the most successful one ever given. The cast was one of unusual dramatic ability and experience, which lent the professional air that seldom marks amateur performances. The part of leading lady, played by Helen Catharine Ward, was exceptionally well taken, while the leading man, Karlynn Barrett, deserves special credit for his clever work upon which the entire play depended. Ed Wiest, Richard James, and Verda Bob Andrews also deserve special mention.

The play was coached by William N. Otto and Harry Porter. The business end of the presentation was successfully handled by Harold Cash. Property-manager, Richard Sargent, was ably assisted by Paul McMullen, Paul Barrett, and James Cooper. The cast of the play was as follows:

E. M. Ralston.....	Ed H. Wiest
Clarence Van Dusen.....	Richard James
Dick.....	Charles Kelly
Bob Bennett.....	M. Karlynn Barrett
Mrs. Ralston.....	Verda Bob Andrews
Gwen Ralston.....	Helen Catharine Ward
Ethel Clark.....	Dorothy Arndt
Mabel.....	Frankie Byrne
Sabel.....	Isabelle White
Bishop Doran.....	John P. Collett
Martha.....	Martha Gettle



GEORGE BUCK
PRINCIPAL



E. GRAFF
SUPT.



L. NIX
ASST. PRIN.



CENSOR
WILLIAM OTT



JUNIOR CENSOR
ANSELINE CAREY



CENSOR
SELLA O'HAIR



ART. CENSOR
RODA E. SELTIK



ANNUAL
EDITOR
LUCILE SULLIVAN



ART. EDITOR
HELEN BROWN



CARTER POLLOCK



BUSINESS MANAGER
HAROLD CASH



SENIOR
PRESIDENT
ROBERT HALL



VICE-PRESIDENT
NELLIE BREWER



SECRETARY
MILDRED STOCKDALE



TREASURER
WILBUR L. HOWIE



JUNIOR
VICE-PRESIDENT
LESLIE FRANK



VICE-PRESIDENT
CLAUDIA WEHANT



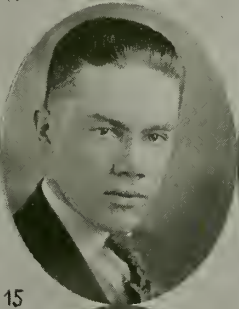
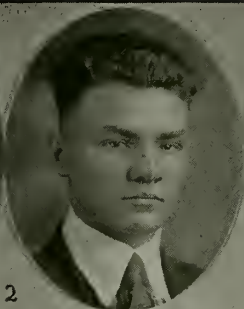
SECRETARY
ELEANOR MUELLER



TREASURER
THOMAS EVANS



1. ELMER AFRICA—Center on state basket squad. Made his debut at the Brownsburg game when he caged more goals than any other player of the team. A lieutenant of the High School Cadets in his junior year.
2. HAROLD ADKINS—Is as good at pitching as he is at the third sand bag on our baseball team. Has nice, curly hair and a pleasant smile. A boy's boy, which says a lot.
3. IDA ANDREWS—Very quiet and congenial. Has a failing for basketball and track ticket agents. Took a complete vocational course.
4. LEE ANDREWS—One of our rather quiet seniors who knows a lot that everybody doesn't know he knows. A steady, reliable chap.
5. VERDA BOB ANDREWS—Should have been a boy. Was first girl to join Wireless Club. Also prominent in Fiction Club, Shakespearean Club and Girls' Discussion Hour. Therapon. Physics shark. Mrs. Ralston in Senior play.
6. MARY ARMINGTON—Everybody knows her. Pretty, witty, brilliant, and just what one would call a dandy girl. Dances well, does everything well. Therapon.
7. DOROTHY ARNDT—Heads Honor Roll. Was Ethel in Senior play. Has perfect record for four years attendance in Shortridge, having received all A+'s as final marks. Popular.
8. HORTENSE ARONSON—A pretty, dark-haired girl, with lots of pep and personality. A good dancer and a dandy friend.
9. ALICE ASKIN—One of our good-looking, live-wire girls. Stars in French and English. A basket ball enthusiast. An admirer of Mr. Hughes in Caesar.
10. FRANCES AUFDERHEIDE—One of the brilliant class of 1917 from School 66. Likes athletics, both girls' and boys'. Never missed a home B. B. game. Sister of Irma Aufderheide. Physics star, Physiography Club.
11. MYRTLE BAINAKA—Was entirely too smart for the rest of us so she quit school in January. Good looking. Very quiet.
12. MILDRED BAKER—A good-looking little girl who has a slight (?) interest in Tech. Midge never flunks. A true-blue Shortridger.
13. RUTH BALDRIDGE—It seems hardly credible but Ruth is a minister's daughter. Not at all like what the foregoing would suggest. Splendid girl, popular, and a real star.
14. JOSEPHINE BALZ—Declared by many to be the best looking girl in Shortridge. An all-round girl with a ripply laugh that makes you glad you're alive. Makes lots of friends and plusses, but doesn't like coasting.
15. MORRIS KARLYNN BARRETT—Leading man of Senior play. Scientist and substitute math teacher. Fast 220-yard dash man. Formerly trainer of basket ball team. Captain in R. O. T. C. and formerly in army. Has a voice like a fog horn. Debating Club. Math Club.
16. PAUL BARRETT—President of the Wireless Club in his Junior year. Owner of one of the most powerful radio stations in the city. Drum major of the band. Track man and prominent member of the Debating Club.
17. RICHMOND BASTIAN—Brother of the famous football player. Major in R. O. T. C. It's great the way he scares the privates under his command. Aspires to West Point. Track man.
18. NORMAN BEATTY—Regular physics shark. Very much interested in wireless. Left in January, but hasn't forgotten old S. H. S. Good fellow.
19. MARTHA BECKERT—Martha is one of the well-known Senior girls. She is popular and pretty. Her curly hair is many girls' envy.
20. ESTELLA BEHRMAN—We wonder if Estella was ever called on when she did not make a splendid recitation. A quiet, unassuming girl whom Shortridge is proud to name on her list of students.



21. RUTH BEMIS—The girl that made girls' basket ball famous. A formidable guard on the All-Stars team which twice defeated the Tech girls. Real supporter of the boys' team also. Dandy student.
22. EUGENE BLANFORD—City league basket ball star. Received '20 numeral for his good work on the team. Always seen with his "twin" brother, Leonard Frankel. Popular with the ladies.
23. EDWARD BLOCK—One of S. H. S.'s high-steppers. Lady fusser. Not a block-head as his name might suggest. Good student.
24. LUELLA BLOOM—Her cheeks live up to her last name—with a genuine bloom. Will probably expound chances to coming English VII pupils, as she seems to have ability in that line.
25. RALPH BOGGS—Ralph left school in February, but we all remember him as a scientist, orator and general good fellow. Studied all of the math and physics that Shortridge offers. Took fifth place in the debating tryouts and would have made a team if he had stayed in school. Wireless Club.
26. MARION BOOTH—A popular, studious, little lady with lots of pep. An ardent supporter of athletics. Has several "gentlemen friends" among whom is Wednesday's Editor. Therapon.
27. EDITH BOTTS—A neat, refined girl who has a very sweet smile. A good student, a jolly friend and a mighty nice girl.
28. ELSIE MARGARET BRANDT—Therapon, Senior Play Committee. Honor Roll. A sweet lovable girl who has hosts of friends. Is interested in Tech and likes to go sight seeing in Springfield, Ill., to gaze at the beautiful "castles" there. Noted for her ability to talk.
29. LILLIAN BRENTON—A light haired miss from Irvington. Quite a friend of the boys, especially of a certain "frat" at Butler. A mighty sweet and lovable girl.
30. MARIE BRETZMAN—Just as cute as she can be. The fortunate possessor of lovely golden hair—and a most attractive coiffure. Sings in the Girls' Glee Club—has a very pretty voice. Therapon.
31. NELLIE BREWER—Here's the mighty vice-president of the class of '20. Is carrying out family tradition, as several members of her family have occupied executive positions at Shortridge before her. A splendid girl and a splendid student. Therapon.
32. SAMUEL BRILL—"Sammy" is one of our handsome chaps as his picture clearly illustrates. Is an English star and is very popular with the boys as well as the girls. It's a well known fact that he's some dancer.
33. GERTRUDE BROWN—Tall, slender, and graceful. Dark hair and eyes, and a charming individuality. Friend of Margaret Weir.
34. GLADYS BROWN—Gladys wears the true "Johnny smile" and often cheers up her classes on blue Monday. She is a great chum of Marion MacNab, and has decided views about a certain "Frat." Therapon.
35. HALE BROWN—One of Shortridge's A. E. F. Amuses his classes with incidents which happened "over there." One of the few who has courage enough to live through geology and come out smiling.
36. HELEN BROWN—One of the most popular girls in Shortridge. Noted for her sense of humor. Great friend of Lucile Sullivan. Very much interested in the team, and the basket ball games. Annual Art Editor. Therapon.
37. JESSIE BROWN—Everybody admires Jessie for her looks and disposition. Bosom friend of Marian Miller. Hails from Irvington. Friend of the A. E. F. Boys.
38. CLIO BRUIN—Monday Echo. Clio not only does well in her studies but also has a fine sense of humor. She entered the Normal in February and is sure to do commendable work.
39. HELEN BUTTWEILER—One of the members of our class who finished in February and betook herself to Butler. A very attractive girl who is known and liked by everyone.
40. FRANKIE BYRNE—Frankie's coiffure is the envy of all who know her. She is full of fun—stands well in her classes, and promises, in the future to be famous along histrionic lines. Therapon.



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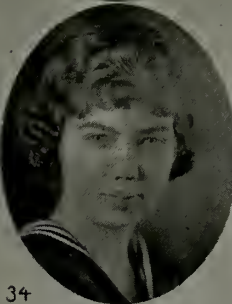
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41. STANLEY CAIN—A quiet chap, but well-liked by everyone. A most popular and efficient biology assistant. A great lover of the out-of-doors—always taking hikes. One of the triple alliance—Harold Metcalf and Kenneth Moore being his boon companions.
42. ELIZABETH CALLON—Betty is very sweet and friendly. It is a mystery how she arranges her coiffure. Thinks herself ancient, but will tell anyone her age.
43. JAMES CAMPBELL—One of our well-known ladies' men. Laughs a great deal and affords his classes much amusement by his brilliant (?) remarks. A close associate of Ray Powell.
44. EMERSON CANFIELD—Some boy! Good in all studies as a mere sideline to being popular. If anybody ever was a "star" at tickling the ivory on the "noise box," Emerson is it. Agitates the white slabs for the "Boys' Jazz Band."
45. RUTH CARSON—A demure little miss whose demureness, however, does not keep her from talking. She loves hikes and a good time. Possesses a pair of beautiful gray eyes.
46. ALICE CARSTON—A very pretty, lovely girl, who has made many friends during her years at Shortridge. Alice is one of the retiring type, but is a loyal Shortridger.
47. DOROTHY CARTWRIGHT—Promises to be a shining light along the literary road. Has contributed much enthusiasm and ability to the Fiction Club. Her one desire is permanently curly hair.
48. HAROLD CASH—Harold is noted for the many snappy phrases he uses in writing up basket ball games for Monday's. Star bowler and captain of the "Muskies." Annual staff; Press Club. Business Manager of Senior Play. Tennis star. Business Manager of Annual.
50. HELEN CHANDLER—Coming here from Hartford City, Helen showed wisdom in her selection of Shortridge. Helen's dignified appearance is quite deceiving as her friends know. Will attend Wisconsin University. Therapon.
51. JOHN COLLETT—One of the most popular members of the Senior class. One of the busiest too, as witness—Honor Roll, Captain of the Dayton-S. H. S. Debating team, Bishop Doran of the Senior play, president of the Debating Club, president of the Press Club, Annual Staff, Thursday's Echo, ex-president of the Story Tellers' Club. In addition he is interested in baseball, tennis and golf.
52. FLORENCE CONANT—A tall, slender girl—very pretty blond. She has hosts of friends and is an enthusiastic fan for every Shortridge activity.
53. CHESTER CONES—One of the young men of wisdom in our class. Ask him, he knows. Very popular, especially with the girls.
54. DOUGLAS V. COOK—Editor of Thursday's Echo, Annual Staff, Honor Roll, Senate, Fiction Club, Debating Club. Doug. is some debater. Even ranks above Cicero. Very fond of Annual work. Has a hobby for taking the ladies home in his buzz wagon, so they can get out and push if he gets stuck. Only has one failing—worrying about his lessons, and what will be in Thursday's Echo.
55. RICHARD COONS—Dick Coons is certainly popular with the girls. He never seems to walk with the same one twice in succession. When he isn't walking around with a pretty girl he is selling basket ball tickets. Later occupation not so interesting to him, though, as the former.
56. JAMES COOPER—James, tall and good looking, is always very much in evidence in the midst of a jolly group. He is very original and witty—with a ready fund of humor. Jimmie is also quite brilliant in his classes.
57. EDNA COPPOCK—A fine companion and friend. Has a sense of humor which is always being evidenced in the twinkling of her eyes. Edna can always make a good recitation.
58. CLARA JOE COTTER—"Jo" entered Shortridge in her Sophomore year and since her arrival has made a hit with her teachers and classmates. Was a star in French and Physics. Never seen without "Jen"—her shadow.
59. DOROTHY COULTIS—A quiet, demure little miss with a dignified bearing. A star in all her studies. Likes to chase tennis balls.
60. CRYSTAL FAIREEN CRAIG—"If to her share some feminine errors fall, look to her face and you'll forget them all." Crystal was a member of the Therapon Club and a French star. She finished her course in February, and left at that time to take a position.



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61. JEANETTE CRAWLEY—"Jan" is a most popular and beloved girl. She can always see the sunny side of life. Jeannette loves to dance and especially enjoys those week-end dances at Purdue.

62. NINA CROWDER—A close rival of Lucille White when it comes to utter frankness. Star in English. Was never known to miss an S. H. S. basketball game. Therapon.

63. FLORENCE CUMMINS—A quiet reserved girl who, it has been said, has "lots of style." She stands well in her classes. She has an attractive personality, and what she says is always right to the point.

64. HELEN CURRENS—Has won fame as a pianist and has appeared several times in auditorium exercises on home talent programs. Helen is one of the few real students and is a sincere friend. Therapon.

66. DOROTHY DAUGHERTY—A pretty blond who does not fail to get her A's and A+'s, regardless of good times. Dot is a most pleasing dancing partner, especially when in a good humor—ask her.

67. JOSEPH DAUGHERTY—Joe is sure some athlete. Would rather play basket ball, box or walk than eat. A mighty fine fellow. Somewhat bashful when around the ladies.

68. EDWARD DAVIS—One of the skyscrapers of the class. Ed is big in more ways than one. Chief ambition to be tennis champ. Runner-up in fall tournament.

69. LILLIAN DAVIS—A member of the orchestra for two years. Advanced Grammar held no terrors for Lillian, for she succeeded in it, as she does in everything which she undertakes.

70. CATHARINE DAWSON—One of our good-looking young ladies, who has decided dramatic tendencies. Has taken every history that Miss Donnan teaches. In '19 Athletic Play. Have you ever seen her shadow? It doesn't look a bit like her!

71. HARRIET DAY—Harriet is full of life and is always ambitious to do only the correct thing. She is quite interested in basket ball and plays on the girls' B. B. team.

72. ESTHER DIMMICK—Nothing need be said of Es's charming and sweet personality, for all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance know it. Sometimes it is wondered whether this maiden is trying an experiment in Physics when on a tennis court. She seems to liken herself to Mercury. Therapon. Honor Roll.

73. GERTRUDE DITHMER—Always in good spirits, which seems to run through the family. A sister of the well-known Henry. Has gone back on food for a certain reason.

74. JUANITA DIXON—One of those greatly admired girls of the quiet, studious, and wise type. Juanita is specializing in the Commercial Department.

75. GWENDOLYN DOREY—Says she will love anybody who calls her Gwen, which is an unnecessary inducement, especially to Dick. One of the most delightful girls we have ever met. Art staff. Therapon.

76. ESTHER DUCKWALL—The lady with the prettiest backhand penmanship ever conceived. Esther is a good dancer and also a good-looker. Her horn-rim "specs" don't disguise that mischevious twinkle in her eyes. Therapon.

77. THOMAS DUGAN—Small but full of pep. Knows everybody. One of those super-humans known as Math stars. Left in January but has been a frequent visitor during the last semester.

78. MARGARET DUNGAN—Irish. Is a true and fine-spirited colleen. Margaret joined our ranks in her senior year, coming from Danville, Indiana.

79. VIRGINIA DUNKLE—Small, petite, dark haired—Virginia is certainly the type that everyone would term awfully cute. We'll also wager that Virginia is some dancer. Very popular—oh yes! Virginia's identification mark is a pair of wise looking horn rimmed glasses.

80. HELEN DUNLAP—A jolly, good friend, full of life and pep and ambition. She doesn't like to have anyone speak of the color of her hair. Helen is quite a basket ball fan.



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81. HELEN EAKER—Helen took through French V, as far as she could, and was quite a star. A very attractive young lady. Good friend of Hale Brown.
82. MARGARET EATON—We don't see how she stood it when her inseparable companion moved to Gary. Margaret is the person to be with if you wish to have a lot of fun.
83. ELSIE EFFEY—A quiet unassuming student of rare ability and common sense. Receives excellent grades. She is a commercial and mathematics star and model.
84. THORA EIGENMANN—A resident of our college town—Bloomington—but an attendant of Shortridge, and a good Shortridger, too. Came to us last September and graduates as a most popular and well-liked girl.
85. MARGARET ERNST—Interested in all Shortridge enterprises, especially basket ball, having played on the Girls' B. B. team. In her Freshman year she won an S. Margaret took a commercial course and left school in February to go to work.
86. HARRY ESCOL—Everybody loves "Mickey." He is a royal good fellow and a rival of Hank when it comes to basket ball. Harry is terribly shy—perhaps that is his secret of popularity—or perhaps, it is his smile that you simply can't resist.
88. FRANCES EVANS—Played on the S. H. S. "All-Stars." Frances is also interested in all school activities and athletics, besides being a star player herself. Full of fun.
89. DOROTHY FARNAM—Dot didn't join our ranks until her junior year, but has made up for lost time since then. This lady of the sparkling eyes has many broken hearts on her record. Her specialty is hot dogs. Class Prophet.
90. IRENE FIFER—A jolly good friend with a ready wit and plentiful sense of humor. Irene is taking a commercial course.
91. EDWARD FILLION—President of the class of '20 in its Junior Year. Everybody knows Ed and his smile and everybody is glad to smile back. State B. B. team 1918-19.
92. LAVINA FISHER—Step right this way, ladies and gentlemen. We have to introduce to you the world famous girl yell leader. Prominent in all girl athletics. Tennis champ for seven consecutive terms. A delightful, independent girl, who is known and liked by everyone.
93. MILDRED FISHER—A pretty, attractive little miss who has a great liking for the Tech team, also for a certain member of our own team. She always has a crowd at her house. Junior Drama League.
94. HELEN FLETCHER—A pretty, popular young lady. Moreover, Helen is quite well known in Shortridge social affairs.
95. EUGENE FOGARTY—One of the bright lights along military lines. In fact he's a captain, and spent the summer at Camp Custer. The fellow with the handshake that makes you glow.
96. RICHARD FOLTZ—Some kid. A real friend of the ladies, and possessed of the original machine-gun laugh. For the fine points, ask LaVonne.
97. LEONARD FRANKEL—Full of pep. Quite popular with girls and boys, a friend in need and a most enthusiastic basket ball fan, especially of out of town games.
98. IRENE FRANKLIN—Irene's ever present good nature adds to her popularity with her friends. She is one of the girls well liked by all.
99. MILLICENT FULLEN—Therapon. Fiction Club. Shakespearean Club. A pair of sparkling eyes proves that "Millie's" supply of wit is inexhaustible. When asked, she will admit that her favorite king is "Edward I."
100. HERMAN GAINES—Brother of John of last year's class. Has been too busy outside of school to be very active in school. Loves math and is a great admirer of Miss Shaw.



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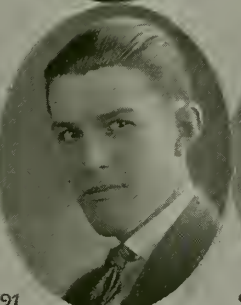
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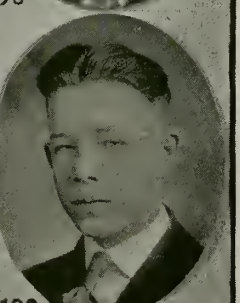
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101. KARLENA GALLOWAY—An all around popular girl who is noted for her good looking clothes and attractive personality. Not only does she possess unusual grace and musical ability but she is a good student as well.
102. HELEN GARDINER—Helen is interested especially in Shortridge athletics. Is a great friend of Frances Evans. A Thursday Echo scribe; Press Club. Small. Has lots of pep.
103. PAUL GARNET—Small, earnest, dark-eyed fellow. Has the most fluffy hair you ever saw. Seems to have a preference for sciences. Was Physiology star for Miss McClellan. One of the most likable chaps in Shortridge.
104. MILDRED GARNES—Second on the Honor Roll. Math Club. One of the finest girls in the class. Quiet, unassuming, thoughtful, Mildred stands for the highest and best in scholarship and achievement.
105. MADGE GARTEN—A dandy girl who showed her good sense by coming here from Tudor Hall to graduate. The twin of Rachel Stuart. A plus student and a Therapon.
106. HELEN GAUSEPOHL—Everybody knows Helen, and to know her is to like her. Very much interested in Purdue but that isn't her only interest.
107. MARTHA GETTEL—A Titian-haired lady of the Senior Beauty Chorus. Very popular and full of fun. In Senior play cast. An ardent basket ball fan.
108. MAZIE GOBLE—Mazie bids fair to take great strides along the line of art. A great friend of Maribel Wineinger, '19. Tall, good-looking, very popular with both sexes.
109. DOROTHY GOOD—"What's in a name?" Went to Sweet Briar for a while, but liked Shortridge so well she came back. She quit school in January to accept a position in the chemical laboratories of the Methodist Hospital. Will take a special course in dentistry at Columbia University next fall. Pretty, popular, and a real friend.
110. ALVA GRAHAM—Son of Mrs. Graham, formerly a popular teacher here. Went from here to Cedar Falls and then to Lake View High School, Chicago, but returned to graduate from Shortridge. A splendid fellow with many friends.
111. FRANCES GRANEY—Irish by name and Irish by nature. One of our bright girls who made it in three years. A true Math shark. "Franf" has a peculiar brand of giggles all her own. Are we for her? Shu-re! Therapon. Math Club.
112. JOSEPH GRAVES—A mathematics star. Good student and a royal good fellow who commands the respect of all who know him. Has curly hair and an irresistible smile.
113. MARGARET GRAVES—Friend of everybody, and especially Lindabelle Thompson. May be seen almost any Saturday night at the Athletic Club with one of her many admirers.
114. DOROTHA GREESON—Tall, good-looking, popular. Dorotha has a sweet voice, and everyone likes to hear her recite. Came from Clayton, and has to return there for a visit quite often.
115. GORDON GRIFFITH—Debating Club, Drama League, Tuesday Echo. Has curly hair and a way that pleases the girls. Tennis and golf star. Likes Tudor Hall pretty well.
116. RUTH GRIFFITH—An exceptionally clever, jolly girl. Her hobbies are ancestors and Geology. Very, very pretty, with lots of pep! An excellent violinist. Therapon, Fiction Club, and Secretary of the Math Club.
117. LOIS GRIMES—Although a newcomer at Shortridge, Lois has assured herself of a place in this class. Has pretty eyes and curls and a winning personality. A good student.
118. JEANETTE GRUBB—Noted for her giggle and ability to break seats in Room 9. Great friend of Marie Moon. Therapon, Wednesday Echo, Press Club.
119. GRACE HACKLEMAN—Grace is one of those classical persons who hails from Irvington. Sister of the well-known Florence, and the inseparable of Katherine Davidson. Therapon.
120. HELEN HACKLEMAN—Attractive? Well, we say she is, and so do all who know her. Has the recipe for fun and pep, and also many admirers—of course a great many boys. Vice-President of Therapon. Class Historian.



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121. RUDOLPH HAERLE—We always heard that avoirdupois and good nature were synonymous, but it took Rudolph to prove it. A likeable chap who is famous for selling basket ball tickets. Famous also for his rosy cheeks.

122. KATHERINE HALL—Katherine has so many good qualities it's hard to decide which to start out with. An attractive, likable girl, whose impulsive generosity has endeared her to her friends.

123. ROBERT E. HALL—President of class of '20. Bob is a returned soldier with a splendid military record. Wounded three times at Argonne. One of the finest members of the class whom all respect and admire.

124. WILLIAM HALL—"Bill" left us for Detroit and Dayton but never forgot his old Shortridge days. A military man of first order. One of the best fellows who ever entered our school.

125. MARY HAMLIN—A very pretty, attractive girl who came to us from Lafayette last fall. Our only regret is that she was not here the other three years. Loyal to her new Alma Mater, and a splendid girl in every way.

126. ELIZABETH HARKLESS—Came here from Kentucky to go to Shortridge, and we admire her choice. Elizabeth likes to dance. Speaks with a very enviable Southern accent.

127. MARIE HARNESS—Displayed excellent judgment by deserting Manual to come to Shortridge. Very good in all class work but is infinitely more interested in "things theatrical." Will undoubtedly appear before the footlights some day.

128. DONALD HARPER—Don left us in January. Always smiling. Liked to go to church, for some strange reason. Hobby—tennis. Great friend of Chester Cones.

129. HARRY HARTMAN—Harry is an all around good fellow who includes studying in his category of pursuits.

131. JOHN HARVEY—An earnest, industrious student who can always be depended upon. His commendable work in Physics and as Physics lab. assistant gained him a splendid position in February. Will make a fine representative of Shortridge.

132. CHARLES HASELY—Another one of the war heroes of whom Shortridge is justly proud. Charles was a trumpeter in the marine corps and was wounded in France. A mighty likeable fellow.

133. FRANK HAYDEN—If success comes with perseverance and effort, it is sure to come to Frank, for throughout all of his high school career he has been an example of the quiet unassuming Shortridge student.

134. ELIZABETH HAYES—A dear, little dark-eyed lass who has a charm that you just can't describe. A popular girl and a good student.

135. ELIZABETH HAYWARD—Therapon. Tuesday's Echo. Interested in Girl Scouts. One of the finest girls in the class. Sincere, unassuming and democratic, she is a real student and true-blue Shortridger.

136. CLARICE HEADRICK—A very attractive, jolly girl. Quite talented in art. A loyal supporter of all activities where S. H. S. is concerned, especially basket ball.

137. MAVIS HEAGY—One of our popular Irvingtonites. A girl with bobbed hair and a pleasant smile. Therapon. A close friend of Virginia Shortridge.

138. ELIZABETH HELM—Every one knows Betty by her pretty curls and her contagious smile. She is one of the happiest persons that we ever knew and is full of life and mischief. Therapon.

139. IRENE HENDRICKSON—A charming and lovely girl who came to Shortridge from Duluth in her senior year, and, in spite of such a short time with us has made scores of friends. French star. Therapon Club.

140. THOMAS HENDRICKSON—Oh boy! A regular lady-killer. Major in R. O. T. C. in '19. Likes basket ball and all kinds of sports. Quite a tennis player. His favorite pastime is putting away Thomas' hot 'uns.



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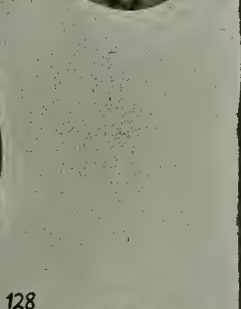
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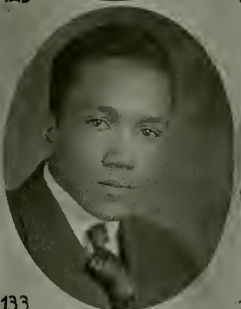
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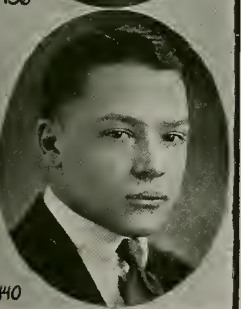
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141. WALTER HENDRICKSON—A fine fellow to know. Walter has a good business mind, and has already shown that he will become famous in the business world. Chem. star.

142. HOWARD HIATT—Came to Shortridge from Union City. Likes basket ball and is certainly one hard worker both in school and outside. Knows that "where there's a will there's a way" and has a lot of "will." Sure to be one big success.

143. CLARA HIND—Clara took the training course and became an instructor in Red Cross work. Just as she succeeded in this, we are sure she will succeed in future activities. A mighty pleasant girl with a sweet smile.

144. MARY HOBSON—It is pupils like Mary who form and maintain our Shortridge standards. She is a quiet, conscientious little girl who can always be depended upon.

145. CATHERINE HOFFMAN—If you don't know Catherine, you've missed some good times and giggles. Shocked the farmers at New Bethel once. Admirer of Miss Marthens and Miss "Mac." Therapon.

146. ROBERT HOPKINS—One of the best violinists in the city. A member of the Art Staff of the Annual. Likes to dance and is especially fond of good candy. Sure is one popular kid!

147. ELSIE HORN—Star in chemistry and art metal. Liked Shortridge so well she posted the last semester. A mighty nice girl we're all glad to have known.

148. LEUNICE HORNE—A sweet girl with many friends. Noted for saying "Doncha know" after everything she says. Can she dance? We'll say she can.

150. HILLIS HOWIE—Quiet and reserved—very popular. Treasurer of the Senior class. Hillie loves "zoo," the out-of-doors, and the ladies. Makes quite a hit with the last.

151. HILTON HOYLE—Quiet sort of chap who knows lots more than he lets on. Star in English and everything else. Studious chap who is very popular with his fellows in spite of the fact.

152. HELEN HUBBARD—Helen is a steady, reliable girl who is a good student and a good friend.

153. CORA HUFFORD—We were sorry when Cora finished her course and left us in February, for Cora is such a pleasant girl and a loyal Shortridger. One of the girls who will succeed in whatever she attempts.

154. LOUISE HUMSTON—Happy, pretty, n'everything. Survived Vergil. The sad thing about Louise is that she likes all the boys, but can never decide which one she likes the best.

155. LISLE HUNTER—A pleasant-mannered fellow liked by everyone. Winner of first prize in Annual humorous copy. Bowling, tennis, baseball, etc.

156. NELSON HUNTER—That big, little fellow you see around here so much. A mainstay of the R. O. T. C. and a popular fellow in general. Tuesday's Echo staff.

157. EDWIN C. HURD—Bang!! That's Ed in a nutshell. Full of life and fun. Has explored every mysterious place in Indianapolis (ask Joe Shepard). Editor of the famous Tuesday's. Wireless Club, Press Club, Debating Club, Annual Staff.

158. BERNICE IVEY—Of course you know Bernice. You do because she's one of the most delightful girls we know. Has a choice collection of frat pins.

159. RICHARD JAMES—Van Dusen in the senior play. Dick certainly goes big with the girls and is not far behind with the fellows. He has set his stamp on the school and is the sort anyone is proud to own as a friend.

160. FLORENCE JEFFERY—An athletic girl with sky-scraping proclivities. Does not confine her attention to chasing tennis balls, however. Star student.



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161. HENRIETTA KAHN—One of the prettiest, most vivacious and most attractive girls in Shortridge. A good student and loyal supporter of her Alma Mater. And can she drive an electric? Just ask "Monkey" Joseph.

162. GEORGE KAUFFMAN—George's rise in the military was almost spectacular, but is only one indication of the stuff that he is made of. An athlete of no mean ability.

163. MARIE KANTZ—The life of any gathering. Attractive. Chum of Margaret Hale. Was a member of the now extinct Girls' Mandolin Club.

164. MAYFIELD KAYLOR—A rising young journalist. Left in February to attend Butler. Member of Friday Echo staff. Did reportorial work for the News last summer and wrote the sports and school notes during the school year. Has a failing for pretty girls. Press Club.

165. CHARLES E. KELLY—Our debonair young major in the R. O. T. C. Sometimes known as "Irish" Kelly. Curly-haired, full of pep, and possesses a sense of humor. Charles is popular with everyone, and a great future will assuredly be his.

166. CORNELIUS KEYLER—Cornelius decided to graduate from S. H. S. so he deserted Tech. for S. H. S.'s ranks last year. He is fine fellow—good athlete—interested in track. Camp Custer. History star.

167. CARLOS KIEFFER—Carlos came to the United States from the stormy Honduras. This young Spanish gentleman has been busy leaving his mark on S. H. S. ever since his advent here. A musician and all-round good fellow.

168—BARBARA KING—Barbara is one of our finest Shortridge girls. Is always ready for fun, and is a booster of S. H. S. activities. She is an accomplished violinist. Shortridge Orchestra.

169. ELIZABETH KING—A charming blonde with naturally rosy cheeks. A cheerful and popular friend of both boys and girls. Sister of Genevieve who also graduated from S. H. S.

170. KATHRYN KING—Noted for her giggle and for her ability as an entertainer. Always talking about Auburn and New Bethel, where she likes to spend her holidays. Tuesday Echo. Therapon.

171. DWIGHT KISER—Captain of winning White basket ball team. Toots a horn in the band. An earnest fellow with no little ability.

172. HELENA KISTLER—One of the prettiest, cutest little girls in the class. Her attractiveness is more than skin deep, for she is a conscientious student and everybody's friend.

173. GLADYS KLIENHENZ—A jolly, curly-haired girl, specializing in the commercial department. Always wears a smile. Her affable disposition and efficiency assure her success.

174. GWYNETH KNEE—A first violinist in the orchestra—and a good musician in the bargain. Gwyneth is blonde—attractive—a good dancer. Some girl!

175. ELIZABETH KNOTTS—"Betty" is all right. Well known, with a good word for everyone. Has black hair, sparkling, brown eyes, and a smile that is irresistible.

176. ELIZABETH KOLMER—A popular member of the fair sex in the senior class. Betty is right "there" in everything and she certainly makes a hit wherever she goes.

177. JACK KOSTER—One of the vivacious, athletic kind who are everywhere at once with a smile for all. Jack seems to be a general utility man around Shortridge, but he does credit to the position. Athletic Board.

178. RUFUS KUYKENDALL—Not nearly so big as his name. Rufus made a name for himself in academic circles from his debut in Shortridge and was still going at the finish. History bright light.

179. MARVIN LAIN—There is a connection between Marvin and the Lain business school. We look for big things from him some day in business dealings. Lady fusser, so his brother says.

180. PERCY LAIN—Brother of Marvin. Much like him in that he likes the ladies and has marked business propensities.



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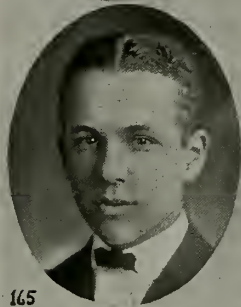
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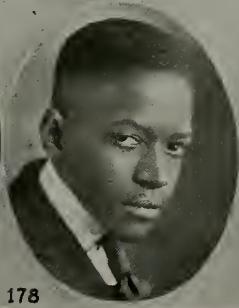
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181. JOHN LANCE—Handsome; look at him. A well-known and popular young man about school. Good tennis player.
182. LaVONNE LARRISON—One of the school's beauty spots. Hails from Irvington; lived through Vergil, and is "pretty elegant" with boys and girls.
183. ESTHER LEFKOVITZ—It will be safe to say that she is the smallest member of this class. Esther left school in February, after completing a commercial course.
184. DOROTHY LENTZ—If still waters run deep, Dorothy is almost fathomless. When she does talk, though, she says nice things. The laws and theories of Chemistry held little terror for her.
185. RUSSELL LEVY—A military genius. Hobby—electricity and wireless. A hard worker and fine fellow. Star in almost any subject you can mention. Wireless Club.
186. CATHERINE LIBBY—Very reserved. Doesn't volunteer much information in class, but shows what she knows and can do when called on. A true-blue Shortridge, and the kind of a girl you like to meet.
187. FRANK LIBKINGS—We'd like to know whether Frank was ever called on when he wasn't right there. Math. star of first magnitude. The kind of student who maintains Shortridge standards of scholarship.
188. SALVATORE LIGGERA—Small, dark-eyed, studious fellow. Quiet but popular with all his fellow pupils who recognize his ability as a true student. Stars in math.—especially geometry.
189. EMIL LINEGAR—Debater. Boys' Jazz Band. Emil is fat and good natured. Just simply drives the girls wild about him when he plays his jazz.
190. HAROLD LINGENFELTER—One of the fellows we are glad to call a Shortridge graduate, because of a splendid record made in the Navy during the war. Harold finished his course in the summer, and is now attending Purdue.
191. LOUIS LIPPS—Very much a humorist. Session Room 3 holds a strange attraction for him. Full of life and always ready for a good time.
192. IDA LOBRAICO—Star in botany. She is quite a talented little artist and a light and graceful dancer. Seems to be a favorite of the Muses.
193. ELIZABETH LOCKARD—Will undoubtedly become famous in the world of art. Has won several art contests, including the one for the Christmas Echo cover design in 1919.
194. MARIAN LOMAX—Rather quiet. Never seen in the halls without John. She is as sweet to all her friends as can be.
195. PAUL S. LONGENECKER—Hasn't been here for the complete high school course, but a thorough Shortridger nevertheless. Braved the perils of Vergil in good fashion.
196. FLORENCE LUPTON—One of those famous Irvingtonites who are always ahead in everything. She stars in speaking French fluently. Friend of Anne Moorehead.
197. AGNES LUSTIG—A sweet and very demure little miss. Inclined to look at life in a tolerant attitude. Well liked by all who know her.
198. GEORGIA ROSE LYNN—Likes to tease, but never vexes. She will probably be a librarian if she continues her present occupation. Bright, clever, nice to know.
199. RUTH McCLURE—Plays violin in the orchestra. She may not be English, but is often heard to exclaim "Evans!" A very sweet little blonde.
200. HELEN McDANIELS—Just came from Kokomo last November, and has made lots of friends here in a short time. Very cute, good dancer, full of pep, has bobbed hair—that's Helen.



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201. RUSSELL McFALL—Promises to be a scientist some day. Orchestra. He has an ever-president supply of candy for his lady friends. A+ in everything.
202. EVALYN McFERREN—Just as nice as she is attractive. Is fond of dancing and bluffing. An up-to-date girl in every respect.
203. EDWARD McGAVRAN—Everyone knows Ed. He has an inexhaustible supply of "gas." Debating Club. An Irvingtonite. Doesn't like the ladies very well.
204. J. URBAN McGINNIS—Conscientious math student and general good fellow. Well worth knowing. One of Miss Hunt's admirers.
205. MAUDE McINTYRE—Possessor of the unusual combination of dark hair and blue eyes. One of the prettiest, most friendly and most likable girls in the class. Is an enthusiastic member of the commercial department, but commercial subjects are not the only ones she stars in.
206. MARGARET McLELAND—Came to us from Richmond when she outgrew that town. Has great talent for winning prizes in art contests. Keeps most wonderful scrap book on record. An artist, to be sure, and one pretty girl.
207. VIRGINIA McMAHAN—A good student and a friend of everyone. Nickname—"Ginger." A mathematical shark who has made a name for herself in the commercial department.
208. MARIAN MacNAB—Marian is a loyal Shortridger. Very fond of athletics and seldom misses any of the games. Quite an artist. Art Staff of the Annual.
209. ISABEL McNEELY—Likes a certain Mann, who lives not far from Indianapolis. A very amiable young lady, seen often with Margaret Williams.
210. THOMAS McNUTT—He of the cheerful grin; nothing can remove it. Quite a tease. In spite of his "cutting-up", he came through everything creditably.
211. VIRGINIA MALTBY—Tall, slender, dark and a good dancer—that's Virginia. Virginia is a star student and an admirer of Miss Allerdice and botany.
212. HELEN MANVILLE—Helen is a rather quiet and studious girl. Commercial subjects have no terror for her, as she is quite a star in that department.
213. DOROTHY MARQUETTE—Left school in February, but is occasionally seen about the halls. Very fond of arguing with Mr. Otto on questions of grammar. Good dancer, popular.
214. LILLIAN MARTIN—Lillian has gone through school in three years. She is a lovable girl and a good friend of Dot Davis and Lucy Lindley. Therapon.
215. PAUL MARTIN—Everybody's friend, especially the ladies'. Some talker. One of the most popular fellows in the class. Full of fun 'n ever'thing. 'Tis rumored by some that he has the most wonderful eyes of any boy in the class.
216. CASSATT MARTZ—An authority on everything from military matters to business letters. Very deep voice. Bright—oh my! Honor Roll. Likes the ladies but a little afraid of them.
217. JUANITA MARTYN—Nita is a pretty girl with light curly hair and blue eyes. She loves a good time and is always ready for mischief, which, altogether may account for her great number of friends.
218. RUTH MEDIAS—Ruth is leading what might be termed a dual role. While in school, she took a commercial course. Out of school,—well, suffice it to say, that she has danced at the Circle many times under the direction of Mlle. Theo. Hewes.
219. HELEN MENDENHALL—A charming, lively girl and an inseparable of Bernice Ivey. Commercial star. Helen thinks that Max is always right.
220. HAROLD METCALF—Botany and zoology assistant, an enthusiastic "bugologist," and a physics star. "Babe" also made a good basket ball record in the City League games and on the second team. Works unselfishly in every field which reflects honor upon Shortridge.



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221. LAWRENCE MICHENER—"Mich" starred as forward and center on our famous 1920 state team, and we can always depend upon him to make a big part of the points. Lawrence received the best grades of all the players on the team. Winner of Oscrice Mills Watkins medal.

222. BETTY MIDDLETON—A girl with a smile for everyone. Took a commercial course. Interested in basket ball games and in Purdue.

223. HAZEL MILLER—Very popular girl; pretty and one of the jolliest persons in Shortridge. Always a favorite, especially at dances.

224. HERSCHEL MILLER—The bespectacled custodian of military supplies in the R. O. T. C. He is always there with a smile and a good word for everyone. A fine fellow with a host of friends.

225. LEOTA MILLER—A dark-haired, lively, popular girl, who is strong for the class of '19. If you don't know Leota you should make her acquaintance immediately.

226. MARIA MILLER—One of our math stars who came to us from Tech. Much interested in Purdue University, especially in some of the military instructors.

227. MARIAN MILLER—Famous sister of the famous "Ad." '19. Ran a close race for senior vice-president and was chairman of the play committee. Marian is always in everything and quite popular.

228. WOOD C. MOLL—"Woody" keeps our opponents away from the basket as floor-guard on the second team. Makes good grades in spite of athletic activities.

229. HELEN MOORE—Helen is a delightful girl, a good dancer, and a charming friend. Is a perfect magnet when it comes to A plusses. Secretary of the Therapon Club.

230. KENNETH MOORE—took pictures of a lot of bug specimens. Botany and zoo lab. assistant. "Kenny" was a stone-wall defense on the '19 team, as back-guard, but left out basket ball this year.

231. ANNE MOOREHEAD—A sister of Virginia, '18. Anne has a charming personality and is well liked. One of the famous and brilliant Irvingtonites of the class.

232. EDNA MOSIER—Always laughing and cheerful, Edna is certainly the right sort to have around when one has the blues. She is a most unusual type—blond hair with a pair of attractive gray eyes.

233. HELEN MYERS—Is she peppy? Can she dance! Is she popular? We'll say so! Helen has also gained the distinction of being on the A+ honor roll.

234. MARGARET NEGLEY—Margaret loves to talk, and it is a pleasure to listen to her. Full of fun and laughter and always in good spirits. That's Margaret.

235. ESTHER NEWBAUER—A small, but mighty basket ball fan. Esther is interested in all kinds of athletics. Noted for her ability to make friends.

236. WALTER NEWBERGER—You might imagine that he is a quiet fellow until he "snaps you up" at attention in military drill. He is one of those officers who "knows his stuff." "Small but mighty."

237. WILMA NEWHART—She's good company—that's the opinion her friends have of her. Perhaps it's her artistic temperament, perhaps her good disposition—but we think it's her contagious laugh. Art Staff of the Annual.

238. MILDRED NICHOLS—Her unobtrusive effort and application have shown Mildred to be a reliable student. Will succeed wherever she goes.

239. MARY EDNA NICHOLSON—Charming and popular. She dances well, and shows signs of becoming quite an artist. Interested in the University of Illinois.

240. HELEN NICHOLSON—Therapon, Senate, Fiction Club, Press Club, Monday's Echo, Annual Staff—but oh! what's the use? Lively—best possible company. Always jolly—likes to dance and—yes she has "auburn" hair. Mighty fine, good, all-round girl as everyone who knows her (and that's about everybody) agrees.



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241. LOUISE PARRISH—Louise is "some scientist! She is an extremely familiar sight in the zoology and chem. labs. School is not her only interest—she has at least one other. Ask her what his name is. A pretty girl with lots of "pep." To know Louise is to like her.

242. ESTHER PARSONS—Esther doesn't preach sermons although her name might indicate it. Has too many good characteristics to put down in detail. Just ask any of her friends.

243. ELIZABETH ANNE PATTERSON—Ach! Louie!! Where shall we begin? Pretty?—Oh! Goodness yes. Smart. Extremely popular with both girls and boys. Favorite sport—dancing. An altogether wonderful girl. Ask L. F.

244. MANSON PEABODY—Manson is a brother of Hannibal (Peabody). He is noted for his debates with McGavran and Miller at lunch periods. Manson also goes big in military drill. Story Tellers' Club, Track. A fine fellow and popular with all who know him.

245. FERN PECK—A cheerful, good-natured, friendly young lady with an everlasting smile. Member of last year's girls' all-star basket ball team. Plays in Girls' Jazz Orchestra.

246. ANNETTE PEEK—The "Peek-a-boo Girl." Some girl! Friendly smile for everybody. Lots of good friends among students and faculty. An unusually hard worker with lots of "stick-to-it-iveness." Vergil's easy for her.

247. ALETHA PETTIJOHN—Therapon. Very remarkable student with leaning toward A+'s. Plays piano very well and may be counted in on everything. Popular girl—we'd say. A descendant of the famous Smith family.

248. LOUISE PITTMAN—One of the prettiest and most popular girls in the class. A fine dancer. Anyone can see that Louise is a Shortridger. If not, she would make that fact known.

249. DORIS POE—"The Girl Who Is Different." Very pleasant disposition. Good worker and popular. It is rumored that she is very fond of Craig's candies (and other things). Wonder if she's any relation to Edgar Allan.

250. RUTH POEHNER—Ruth is one of our rising young scientists. She is noted for her insect collection in zoology. Swam a mile in the girls' gym. tests. A quiet girl, but known and liked by all of the class.

251. LEONTINE POL—A handsome French girl who ranks high in her classes, and is admired by all who know her for her genial qualities and rare good nature.

252. CARTER POLLOCK—Oh! Man!! Now you've run up against a "regular guy." Thursday's Echo, Annual Staff, and numerous other "lil' occupations." Funniest fellow in Shortridge. Sh! Sh! He is rumored to be a dreadful lady's man also. Carter just can't help being popular—it was born in 'im. Has a rattling good tin-lizzy.

253. CLARA PONTIUS—Mighty fine girl. Sister of Paul. Lots of interests here at Shortridge. Bunches of friends and surely one "doer." Always on the go!

254. BESSIE POUNDS—Don't know Bess? Say—what's wrong with YOU anyway? Fond of watching S. H. S. wallop "the enemy" in basket ball. Always cheerful.

255. RAEMOND POWELL—Track man, basket ball, and in fact a very versatile chap. Good hard worker in athletics and studies. Something unusual. Goes big with the ladies.

256. DORIS PRATER—Twin sister of Dorothy. Can't ever be determined, for sure, whether she is herself or not. Gets teachers all mixed up. Strong for S. H. S. A live one. Therapon.

257. DOROTHY PRATER—Once asked by a certain worthy pedagogue, as she and her twin sister entered the room, whether he was "seein' double or not." Like her sister, is always into everything.

258. MARY PRESSER—Joined the class of '20 in her junior year, having come here from Smith's Valley. Mary is specializing in the commercial department.

259. GRACE PRICE—Does not like to be teased, for some reason. Is one of our best rooters and didn't miss a single basket ball game. A good student, famous for her debates in history. A girl you like to call your friend.



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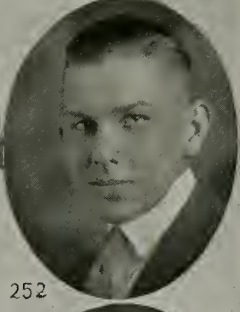
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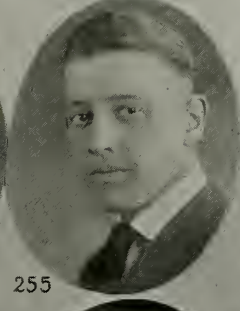
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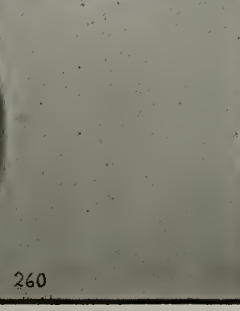
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261. BENJAMIN PRINCE—Most of us don't need any introduction to Ben. He is known for handling his rifle at drill, as the instructions go, and not letting it handle him. (Some unusual sojer.) Always full of fun and with a new joke to spring. A regular fellow.

262. HELEN PRITCHARD—A charming little brunette, who comes from Eureka Ill., and who has won the admiration of all Shortridgers. She is a popular member of the Math Club and the Junior Drama League.

263. JANE PRITCHARD—Oh! Jane. Furnishes amusement for all her classes by those ever-new witty remarks which she pulls off. Wednesday Echo reporter. Studies (?) Journalism and makes Mr. Otto laugh. Great girl and loads of fun.

264. THOMAS PULLIAM—Thomas was one of the mainstays of our track team last year. An honest, hard-working fellow who stands well in his studies. Stars at drill and in the auditorium after lunch.

265. ELIZABETH QUICK—If anyone wants to see Elizabeth, she can usually be found in the midst of a crowd of friends. Peppy? We'll say so! A real booster. Chem. star. Is well liked by a boy that we know of and she is often seen with Katherine McLaughlin.

266. WALTER QUICK—We'll say he's quick. Walter's specialty is zoology although his interests cover a wide field. League basket ball. Track team. Some baseball player, as he proved at the "zoo" picnic. He intends to specialize in forestry in the future.

267. VINCENT RAWLINGS—One of the best argurers in Mr. Clement's civics classes. Great basketball fan. Lieutenant in R. O. T. C.

268. MAURICE RAY—We have amongst us a little Ray named Maurice. Morry is one of our most popular boys, and a possessor of a host of friends. Some dancer and tennis player.

269. HENRIETTA REAGAN—An ideal girl when it comes to a good time. An exceedingly good dancer with an attractive personality. She is striking looking.

270. MILES REARDON—Slow, but steady. Really a character to all who know him. Has decided that Shortridge is one of the greatest places, yet. We agree, Miles.

271. VIRGINIA REYER—Wee in size. Shows all her friends—boys included—a good time. Fond of nature and out-of-doors.

272. GERTRUDE RHOADES—One of the pretty, demure girls who don't say much, but when they do—Oh, boy! Gertrude thinks she wants to be a teacher and we can not think of anything nicer than to be under her supervision. A star scholar.

273. LYMAN H. RHODES—A business man who takes care of the Rental. Great friend of Jeff's. Lyman has several kinds of business though, girls. Thursday Echo Staff.

274. LOUISE RICH—Louise came to us in her sophomore year, but by her jolly disposition and charming personality, she has made a host of friends. Therapon.

276. RICHARD ROSS RITCHIE—Dick is a good fellow and sportsman. Quite a lady-killer—just ask some of his lady friends. Fond of "African Golf." Left school in February, but returned to graduate.

277. GLADYS RITTENHOUSE—During the two years that Gladys has been in Shortridge, she has been so studious and hard working that she has had but little time for outside work. However, a member of the Girls' Discussion Hour.

278. MADONNA ROBBINS—Small, sweet, and pretty. She is the possessor of beautiful and plentiful hair. Madonna is quite an attraction at any social gathering; for she is an artist at the piano and also is an excellent dancer.

279. AGNES ROBERTS—Therapon, Math Club. Fair, friendly, and full of fun. Belongs to the XYZ and the stars of Room 40.

280. JOHN A. ROGERS—A rather shy, but true boy, typical of the Shortridge fellows. Not so shy about the girls, however. Is taking a commercial course and succeeding.



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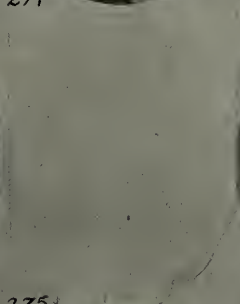
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281. NOLIA ROGERS—We are very glad we had the opportunity of knowing Nolia, for she is a girl of ability and refinement. One of the persons deserving success and one who, we are sure, will achieve it.

282. DOROTHY RUDY—Math Club, Therapon, Honor Roll. A true honor student in every sense of the word. An earnest, thoughtful girl, she has every qualification for success. Friend of Marie Sangernebo.

283. CHARLES RUSSE—Treasurer of Aero Club. A sure high-flyer among Shortridgers. A participant in track. Charlie admits that he likes the girls.

284. PARANZEM SAHAKIAN—An interesting girl with beautiful eyes and wonderful hair. Came to America from far-away Armenia. We're mighty glad she came to Shortridge, for Paranzem is liked by all who know her.

285. FLORENCE SANDERS—A very pretty little girl with a laugh that is simply irresistible. An all-round girl who is the friend of boys and girls alike. If you don't believe it, ask anyone you meet, or, better still, just take a look at her picture.

286. ROY SANDERS—Extremely hard worker in all subjects, but especially in math. Popular student with athletic ability.

287. MARIE SANGERNEBO—Honor Roll, Math Club. Star of first magnitude in trig. One of the best all round students in the class. Unassuming, thoughtful, and sincere, Marie is one of the finest girls we know.

288. JAMES SARGENT—No group is complete without Jimmie. Has many friends—among them his pool table. Assistant in chemistry lab.

289. RICHARD SARGENT—Pep, vim, vigor, snap, and steam—that's Dick. Always gives a helping hand to Shortridge. Quite a physicist. Knows how to spell Gwendolyn.

290. FLORENCE SAYCE—A tall, pretty blonde, nearly always seen with Vivian Wiley. Wasn't so fond of chem. She is by no means talkative.

291. LEOTA SCHALLER—A quiet little miss—absolutely not big enough to graduate. We can see the "makings" of a business woman in her, as she has starred in commercial subjects.

292. RUTH SCHRADER—A conscientious and earnest student, renowned for her perseverance and ability. Has the most lovable disposition possible.

293. ARTHUR SCHULTZ—Some boy. Saxophonist. A good friend of both sexes. Junior yell leader and track man. If a good time is in the air, there you find Art.

294. DOROTHY SCHWENK—An attractive girl, popular and vivacious. An ardent supporter of the team—probably didn't miss a game. Therapon. Has a sister at Shortridge with whom she is always trading coats, thus making it confusing for her friends to know her.

296. HELEN SEWARD—Helen's a quiet girl with just lots of friends. Fond of everything nice and even studies a little. Good company at a party and every place else.

297. GLADYS SHADLE—Gladys is said to have a temper to match her red hair, but we have yet to see it. A popular and well-liked girl. One of our stars, who is going through school in three years.

298. SAMUELLA SHEERER—Just mention the word physician to Samuella and you will realize her pet ambition. She intends to join the merry throng moving Butlerward next September.

299. MARGARET SHEERIN—A nice, quiet girl. Margaret's pretty, curly hair is the envy of many less fortunate.

300. VIRGINIA SHORTRIDGE—Virginia is the granddaughter of the founder of our school and sister of Gerald who graduated last year. A quiet, likable girl with lots of friends.



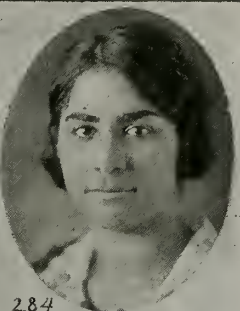
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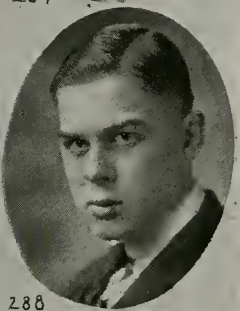
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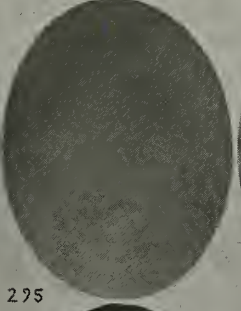
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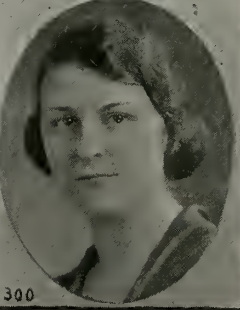
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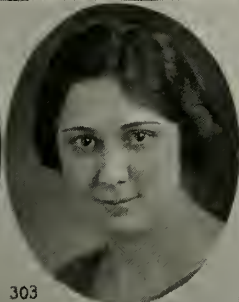
301. HELEN SLUSS—Une petite jolie demoiselle. Strong for the A. E. F. Club. Has a magnetic personality that even attracts Nichols.
302. HELEN SLUTZ—An attractive girl who is a cousin of Mrs. Gingery. She came from northeastern Ohio, to spend her senior year at S. H. S.—therefore she has exceedingly good judgment.
303. ELIZABETH SMITH—One of those peppy kind one always sees in the center of a group. "Lizzy" is always in demand at a social function.
304. ELLEN SNODDY—This pretty Irish colleen with her black hair and big blue eyes has a host of friends. A fictionist of unusual ability and promise.
305. HENRY SIDNEY STEDFELDT—Henry's greatest trouble is his name. He is never sure of it. One day it's spelled one way, the next day it's another. On Debating team. A great talker and all around good sport. Likes to have a lot of fun. Walked to Martinsville to attend basket ball game there.
306. JOHN STEWART—1918 cross-country captain. Ardent supporter of all kinds of athletics. John left in January to attend Indiana University. Lots of pep. Favorite show—Palms; favorite name—Marian.
307. MILDRED STOCKDALE—One of the prettiest and most popular girls of the class. Her hobby seems to be hold offices. Senior secretary, vice-president of Story Tellers' Club, Therapon.
308. LUCILE STOKES—Honor Roll, Senate. Editor of Monday's the second semester. Annual staff. A girl of quiet sincerity, high scholarship and high ideals. Lucile is indeed the possessor of those qualities that bring success.
309. MARY STOKES—Although one of the youngest members of the class, Mary is quite a star in math. and chemistry. Tackled math. VI and trig, and came up with plusses. Third in her family to make the Honor Roll.
310. GOLDIA STONER—Goldia is small but mighty. She came to Shortridge in her senior year and by pleasing personality and infectious smile, made many friends here. Goldia is one of the few girls who tackled the intricacies of trigonometry. Therapon.
311. LOIS STREHAN—A talented pianist and agreeable companion. Lois is very modest about her ability, however. Has played several times in auditorium exercises. She was a soloist in the Shortridge concert for the benefit of French orphans last April.
312. LOUISE STRICKLAND—A pretty, auburn-haired, young lady who has won many friends at Shortridge and elsewhere. Louise is always full of fun and pep.
313. MILDRED STRODE—Mildred was an English star, with a very original pen. Much interested in Ohio State University, and an inseparable chum of Crystal Craig.
314. RACHEL STUART—This maiden of the raven tresses has finished her high school course in two and one-half years. Reached the senior play finals. Seldom seen without Madeline Byrket.
315. MAURINE STUBBS—One of the best looking girls in the class. Very successful socially. Good dancer.
316. GLADYS SUDEROCK—Said to be the prettiest girl in Shortridge. Look at her picture and judge for yourself. Claims to be a man-hater, but her friends know better.
317. LUCILE SULLIVAN—Has enough titles to fill a book. Annual editor, Class Poet, president of Senate, president of Fiction Club, Honor Roll, Monday's Echo, Therapon. French play, athletic play 1919. Has a lot of pep and more friends. Knows more about Shortridge than Mr. Buck himself.
318. MARY ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND—Here's the charming president of the Therapon Club. A girl with a very sweet disposition and a winning smile. The kind of friend that can always be counted on. Annual Staff. Honor Roll.
319. KICHISHIRO TAKAKU—Came to us from Japan, but is as good an American as anybody. Great friend of Miss O'Hair. Displays unusual ability along numerous lines and can talk and write real "Japan" as well as English. Very fond of tennis, golf and other outdoor sports.
320. MERRILL TALBERT—Merrill is especially known for playing the flute in the band and the orchestra. Played in city league games. Dandy fellow.



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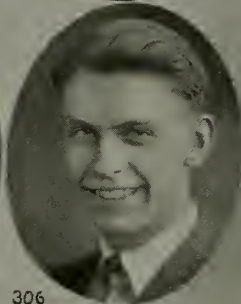
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321. ELEANOR JANE TAYLOR—A frank, sweet little girl, whom it is a pleasure to know. Her motto seems to be "Better Late Than Never." She is especially interested in Wabash College—and her favorite name is Ralph. Therapon treasurer, Story Tellers' Club.

322. LORENE TAYLOR—A quiet, refined little girl, whom you can always depend upon to do the right thing in the right way. Lorene is quite a star in Miss Donnan's classes and a good student in every way.

323. MARGARET TAYLOR—Margaret is a cute little girl who always looks good in her clothes. Is mighty popular among her many friends.

324. NELL TAYLOR—Small but mighty. Known for always getting good marks. Nell's piquant smile and sense of humor have won her many friends. Therapon.

325. KATHERINE THOMAS—A good violinist. A jolly girl with lots of friends. Has a very good friend attending Tech. Never seen out of the company of Marjorie Von Staden.

326. ADDIE THOMPSON—Her generosity and thoughtfulness are two sterling qualities. She can do anything and enjoy it. Small and pretty and just chuck full of fun, mischief and pep.

327. HELEN THOMPSON—Helen appears shy, but is often inspired by a spirit of mischief. Well liked by everyone; accomplished in many ways. A good student. Therapon. Friday Echo. Annual staff. Has a charming blush.

328. ANNETTE THOMSON—Possesses a cunning laugh and beautiful wavy hair—the proverbial golden glitter. Stars in everything. Professes to be a real man-hater, but we're not so sure. Honor Roll.

329. ELIZABETH THOMSON—Tuesday's Echo. Therapon, Annual staff, Honor Roll. One of the finest girls in the class. And that isn't all, for Elizabeth's smile and personality have a charm that you can't describe.

330. MALCOLM THOMSON—Malcolm is a good example of what an ideal Shortridge boy should be. A good student and an active booster of athletics. Malcolm was a member of the Shortridge State basket ball team of 1919-1920 and is a good tennis player as well as an excellent swimmer.

331. HALFORD THORNBURGH—Halford is one of our well-liked Shortridgers. Hal is always interested in anything S. H. S. starts and is ready to boost school activities.

332. ANDREW TOMLIN—A first class sportsman and student. Plays football and baseball and hunts and traps. Accurate marksman in R. O. T. C. Makes high grades. Headed for Purdue.

333. HARRY OWEN TRAYLOR—Irish to the core. He hates England like a true son of Erin. If there is anybody who has ever seen Harry without a member of the fair sex by his side, that person has not been found. Good saxophone player.

334. EDNA TUCKER—A very attractive girl, and also quite conscientious. Left school at the end of the mid-term, but returned to graduate. Edna is a true Shortridge product.

335. FREDERICK T. ULRICH—"Bugs" is a disciple of James Cooper. In other words he attempts to bowl. A good fellow at all times.

336. CATHERINE UNDERWOOD—Very popular among Shortridgers. Her brown eyes give away the spirit of mischief she possesses. Clever. A fine friend.

337. MARY VANDERBARK—Have you ever noticed the cute way Mary has of arranging her hair? She looks like a "man-killer" and no doubt more than one has been "killed."

338. EMILY VAWTER—A very talented musician and a sister of our popular French teacher, Miss Vawter. In finals of senior play tryouts. An excellent dancer.

339. CARL VONNEGUT—"Vonny" showed good judgment when he deserted Tech for S. H. S. two years ago. Is very popular and certainly can dance.

340. MARJORIE VON STADEN—She is one of our sweet girls. Marjorie is quite a musician. She stood high in the Music Memory Contest between the high schools. Has many friends.



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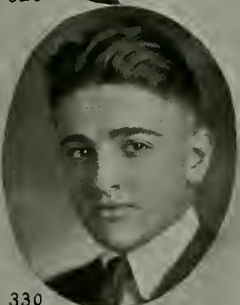
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341. HAROLD VORHEES—Tall and mighty—especially in basket ball—that's Harold. One of the famous three H's—Hank, Harry and Harold. Stars all the way around in athletics. Possessor of a typical Johnny smile.

342. BERNICE VORIS—Bernice is one of Shortridge's pretty little seniors. Often mistaken for a freshman because of her quiet ways. Inseparable of Gertrude Wamsley.

343. HARRY WADE—Harry is the self-appointed assistant manager of Shortridge affairs. However, a royal good fellow and gentleman. Debating Club. A Tudor Hall devotee.

344. MARY WALKER—One of School Number 60's contributions to Shortridge. If you want to find her go to the art department and hunt blonde hair—you can't miss her.

345. MARY WALL—Answers to "Shorty." A star student. She is always full of fun and is an inseparable of Helen Thompson. She is an active member of the Therapon Club, of the Wednesday Echo staff, the Wireless Club and Annual staff.

346. GERTRUDE WAMSLEY—Gertrude is a true Shortridger. She is quiet but has a mischievous look in her eyes. A good student.

347. HELEN WARD—An excellent pupil. She is very popular and is full of "pep." Made a big hit as the leading lady of the Senior play.

348. VERCIE WARNE—One of the prettiest girls in the senior class. Has appeared twice in Athletic Plays. A star of renowned fame in the Commercial Department.

349. JULIA WARREN—Has a very individual personality and is enthusiastic for everything concerning S. H. S. "Judy" is a good student even though she does love fun and mischief better than anyone else we know.

350. MARY L. WATSON—Mary is a popular student. She is well known as one of the best players on the girls' All-Star basket ball team.

351. RAYMOND WEAVER—A devotee of Elmer Africa. Everything Elm does is all right with Raymond. A staunch supporter and follower of the winter net game.

352. MARGARET WEIR—A young lady of diminutive size, much beloved by her friends. She starred in Greek and Latin. A member of the Therapon Club.

353. KATHERINE WEIS—A girl whose persevering effort and dependable scholarship have marked her throughout her high school career.

354. BLANCHE WHITE—Blanche is one of the popular girls in school. She was Junior Vice-President of her class. Her chief ambition is to be a business lady.

355. ISABELLE WHITE—One of the prettiest girls in the class. Always ready for a good time. Was Sabel, a chorus girl, in the Senior play. Exceptionally chummy with "Mabel."

356. LUCILLE WHITE—A member of the Senior beauty show. She always has plenty to talk about, and is interested in all Shortridge activities. Therapon. The proud possessor of horn-rimmed "specs."

357. MALLOTT WHITE—Everybody knows Mallott. He is intimately acquainted with Mr. Buck for reasons not stated. He is considering entering the 500-mile race in 1921. Tudor Hall has magnetic attractions for him.

358. WENDALL WHITE—Wendall is a good student, a good athlete, and a good fellow. An enthusiastic "senator" and a strong advocate of History VIa and Miss Donnan.

359. EDWARD WIEST—An "Apollo" of the Senior class. Ed is quite popular with the ladies, being an excellent dancer. Took part of Mr. Ralston in Senior play.

360. VIVIAN WILEY—Inspires the most reluctant to dance when she plays the piano. She has a habit of blushing a little when she recites. Girls' Jazz Band.



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361. MARGARET WILLIAMS—One of our well-known S. H. S. girls who hails from New Bethel, Indiana. Margaret is Isabelle McNeely's shadow. An all-round Shortridge girl. Interested in Irvington. Therapon.

362. LOIS WILLIAMSON—Big brown eyes and her good nature make Lois one of the best liked girls in Shortridge. Likes all the boys—but none especially. Star in Advanced Grammar.

363. FLORENCE WILSON—A musician of the first order. Florence had a hard time graduating with us, but finally pulled "up the hill." A splendid girl and good friend.

364. PAULINE WILSON—Has made her debut and several return engagements here as the Shortridge Prima Donna. Pauline has specialized, with credit, in the Music Department. A popular, jolly girl.

365. BESSIE WISE—We wonder whether Bessie is as wise as she seems. If the old saw that "still waters run deep" is true, the Atlantic Ocean hasn't anything on Bessie.

366. ETHEL WISE—Ethel is mighty Wise—as she shows her fellow-classmates. Unobtrusive—a nice girl to associate with—has a sweet smile.

367. ALICE WITT—A quiet, pretty little brunette. She has high ambitions—intends to become a trained nurse. We hope she'll be available when we are sick. Good student.

368. FRANCES WOCHER—Fran is the happy possessor of that quality called charm. Has lots of pep and is certainly attractive. A wonderful dancer.

369. MARY MARTHA WOLFE—Just arrived at Indianapolis last fall to study music, in which line she is talented. She seems to like her new Alma Mater. Therapon.

370. LAURENCE WRENTMORE—Physics Lab. assistant. Star in Chemistry. One of the few people who knows how to think. Laurence has a keen, powerful mentality that grasps readily and has made him an unusual student.

371. CLAUDE WRIGHT—One of our rising authors. Tall, blond, good looking chap who writes some of the most interesting stories you ever read. Stars in English and Journalism.

372. MAX WRIGHT—One of our well-known A. E. F. fellows, who are popular. Max's wavy hair is the envy of many.

373. PAULINE YEAGLEY—A charming girl with pretty dark hair and eyes and a captivating blush. A wonderful dancer. Pauline came here from Logansport in her Sophomore year.

374. RAYMOND YORK—Served with the American army in the recent war. Member of A. E. F. Club. Raymond is well-known and well-liked. Popular society man.



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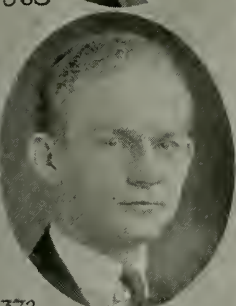
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AFTERWORD



and ho! Our ship of thought
Is drifting into port,
Happy indeed, we are, dear
friends,

If you have voyaged happily,
And when the passing time bedims
The memory of this senior year,
May you in tender retrospect,
Embark once more on this loved ship
Our Annual.



The gratitude that we owe to the many persons who have helped in the making of this book is indeed difficult to express. It is only by the earnest co-operation of all connected with the Annual that we have been able to get the book before the school.

There are those among the faculty who by their untiring effort have made the Shortridge Annual a book worthy of the place it holds among publications of its kind. Among these is Miss Rhoda Selleck, the art censor, who in her many years of work on the Annual has given to the book a world-wide reputation for splendid art work. Then we have Miss Zella O'Hair, literary censor, who has maintained for the book the highest standards along literary lines. To Mr. William N. Otto we owe thanks for his efficient general management; to Mr. Weinberger for his direction of the business end of the book; to Mr. McKee for his patient and faithful service in the printing of the Annual, and to the Rough Notes Co. for its help in the printing. Our sincere thanks are extended also to a willing, earnest staff, whose work has made the book a joy in the making.

It has been a great regret to all connected with the Annual that it was impossible to get the book out before the close of school. This was due to the unusual conditions which are prevalent in the world today, and which have delayed a good many undertakings.

High School Graduates Wanted



Business wants you. On an average, business must have a great many new recruits every year. The older men and women are gradually stepping out of the places of management and active service, giving way to those who are younger and more vigorous. Business, in order to be a success, requires top-

notch energy and enthusiasm. The young men and women who are naturally called upon to "carry the load" are those who have been in daily contact with the "business end" of the business. In order to make this close contact, you must be able to render certain and specific service in the office. In fact, that is the place to

Get Your Start

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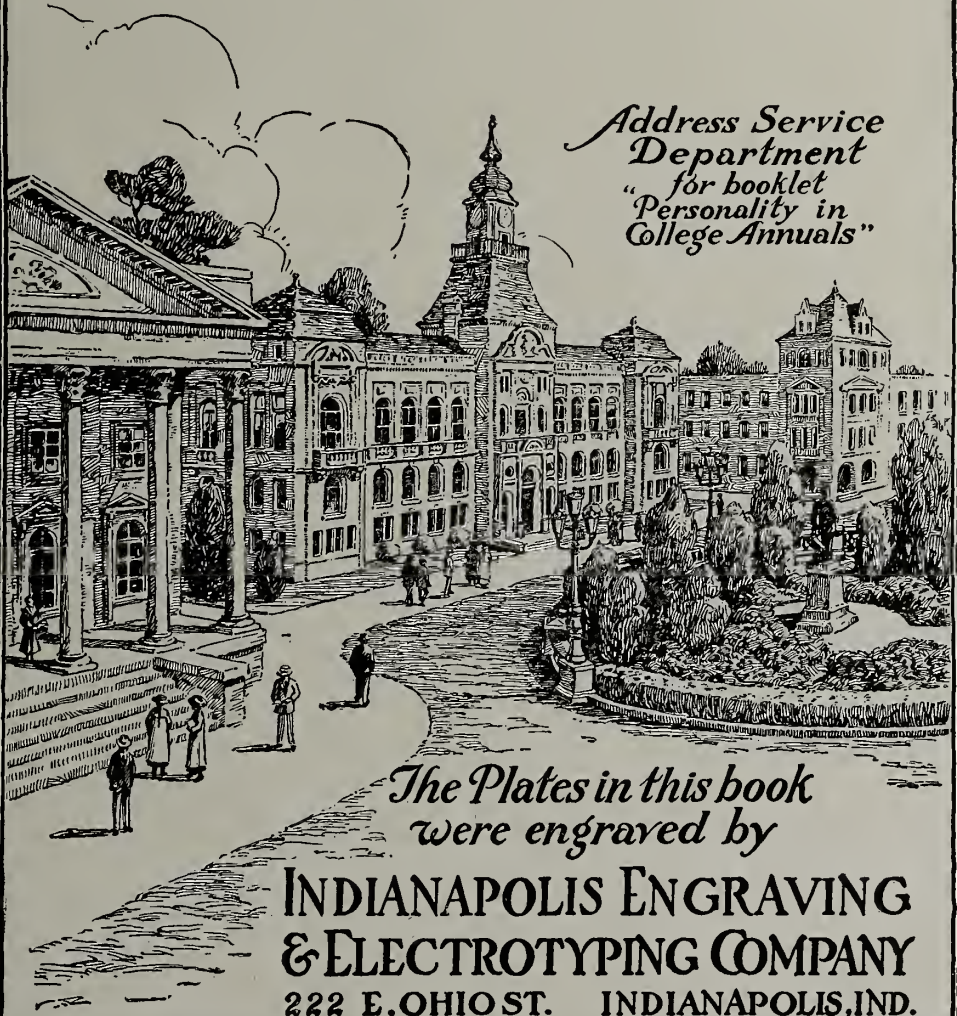
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